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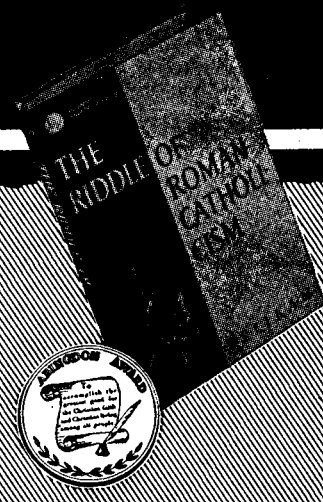

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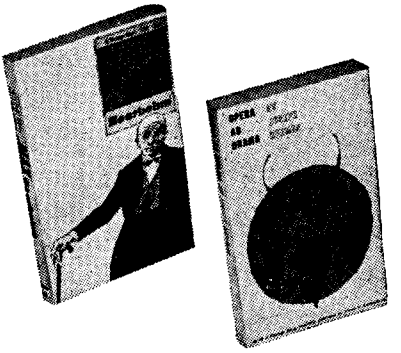

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Creating Cities for Human Beings

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL, cities have been the cradles of civilization. Art, religion, philosophy, literature, science and law, which civilized us, also made us citizens. The things that distinguish man's career on earth from that of the brutes are as urban as urbanity itself.

Perhaps this is one source of the resentment that cities have always encountered. Cities are seen as dens of iniquity and the countryside as the seat of virtue. Civilization, as Freud was not the first to point out, requires that we suppress, restrain and sublimate many of our original drives. The city as the center of civilization became the target of all those who felt discontent in being civilized. To some degree this includes all of us; thus we regard the city with the same ambivalence with which we regard both civilization and our fellow men.

Before the industrial age, too, cities were sometimes parasites, at least in a narrow sense; they lived on the harvest of the countryside and produced little in turn. Yet, in a wider sense, Athens, Rome or Florence surely gave the world far more than they took. And today the economics of the matter has been reversed: almost everywhere farmers exploit city dwellers. The taxes of city dwellers are used by the government to pay farmers to produce things the city dwellers do not want and to raise the price of the farm products city dwellers must buy; with the money they get, farmers buy some of the products of urban industry.

Nonetheless, the fallacy that cities are somehow less productive

✪ ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG is an adjunct professor of social philosophy at New York University and a lecturer at The New School for Social Research. He wrote *The Fabric of Society* with Ralph Ross.

This article is based on an address delivered at the fifth annual Winter Conference of the Canadian Institute on Public Affairs held in Toronto in February.

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than the countryside dies hard. Cities are thought to be populated by middlemen, while farmers are thought to be producers. Yet farmers are no less middlemen than city dwellers. They do not produce milk. Cows do. Farmers are middlemen leading cows to pasture, just as city dwellers may bring together customers and merchandise, savers and investment opportunities, et cetera.

The belief in the exclusive productivity of the countryside was most formally expressed by the physiocrats in the eighteenth century (they were city dwellers to a man); and it bolstered the romantic repudiation of cities, of which Rousseau was the fountainhead. His "noble savages" surely are not found in the city. They are not found elsewhere either. But this does not restrain the pastoral fantasies that are so characteristic of city dwellers. (Farmers know better, of course.)

All this would be merely ludicrous were it not for certain modern developments that threaten to denature cities by destroying the qualities that enabled them to produce civilization in the past. Some of these destructive developments are unplanned; others are the effect of "city planning," which seems to be largely in the hands of people who hate cities and have no understanding whatever of what makes cities more than aggregates of buildings and traffic lanes.

To grasp what is happening, we must touch on some of the factors that are leading to the urbanization of the world, which is now taking place with dizzying speed. Less than a hundred years from now "more than half of the world's population will live in cities of more than 100,000 inhabitants."* In the Western world, the headlong rush into cities began a while ago, and there is no end in sight. (Note that in 1800 there was no city anywhere with more than 1 million inhabitants. In 1950, there were 46 such cities; 23 of these had more than 2 million inhabitants, and 9 had more than 4 million inhabitants.)

This is a very new development. For most of recorded history,

* Kingsley Davis, "The Origin and Growth of Urbanization in the World," *American Journal of Sociology*, March, 1955.

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no more than between 1 to 3 per cent of the world population lived in cities. It took from 50 to 90 farmers to support one man in the city. The continuing industrial revolution has so increased productivity that one farmer now produces enough to supply about a dozen people in the city. This, of course, is possible because of the use of city products—chemical fertilizers, tractors, et cetera.

Urbanization now also is supplemented by suburbanization. Nearly 50 million Americans have already moved into suburbs—12 million in the last ten years. City and countryside tend to merge into "metropolitan areas" that neatly combine the disadvantages of both.

The drawbacks of the city have been stressed by social philosophers such as Nietzsche, Simmel and Scheler, and their followers and popularizers (including Spengler, Mumford and others).

There is first of all de-individualization and anonymity. People tend to live externally crowded but internally lonely, morally isolated lives. We each know more people and fewer persons. The city fosters rootlessness. Traditional bonds, beliefs, institutions and norms are weakened, and relationships become discontinuous, impersonal, functional and, above all, less intimate. Ultimately people, disaffected and disengaged, float freely, like specks of dust. It is not an enjoyable freedom. Political mass movements, like dust storms, may sweep the loosened soil hither and thither—in the end the bleak shelter of totalitarianism beckons to the uprooted and homeless. Thirty years ago, Ortega y Gasset already heard the "formidable cry rising like the howling of innumerable dogs to the stars, asking for someone or something to impose an occupation, a duty." For normally we are secured to reality and life by social bonds that tie us to persons, positions, ambitions, norms and things. Life is real to us and meaningful only if it has continuity and gives us parts to play that let us partake in more than social boredom and in more than being "distracted from distraction by distraction." When we each feel but tenuously and casually linked to what we do and are, and to those that do and are with us, social ties easily come undone and personalities unstrung.

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Scope for spontaneous gestures also is necessarily narrowed. The bigger the city, the more impersonal regulation is required, until we become accustomed to being told when to cross the street and where, when to stop and go. At the same time, the great variety of the urban environment, the many kinds and classes of people we meet and work with, the constant din and the infinite diversions offered may overstimulate us to the point of nervous exhaustion. In defense, city dwellers develop a blasé attitude—a tendency to reject indiscriminately all stimulation, a denial that anything can be really new and interesting. We are all aware of the glazed, unseeing gaze we offer fellow passengers on public conveyances—a gaze meant to deny the very contact into which our bodies may have been obscenely thrown.

Whereas the countryside may be dull because it lacks novelty, because nothing happens, the city generates boredom by offering or imposing stimulation so relentlessly that people are numbed. Both absolute stillness or constant din tire our minds and spirits. Further, city dwellers become altogether accustomed to being entertained and diverted from the outside. Thus inner resources atrophy; cumulative and meaningful relations are discarded for the merely exciting and thrilling. Nothing, in the end, can be more monotonous. So many bells toll so deafeningly all the time that it is hard to participate in any of the services they are meant to announce. Typically, the city produces restless or agitated boredom, displayed in activity as meaningless as it is unceasing; less frequently it produces listless boredom, an apathetic withdrawal. In either case, there is an insatiable craving for excitement as well as an inability actually to get excited—to respond to anything.

The city permits and encourages a high degree of specialization. Rational calculation and efficient routines often must take the place of personal or customary relations. In short, the city dweller must routinize and stereotype the world and himself in it, or else he would be constantly perplexed and stunned by the unlimited possibilities that rush at him.

Among the physical drawbacks of city living are noise; air pollution, which causes lung cancer to be twice as frequent in cities

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as in the countryside; unsafeness; traffic accidents; and many other familiar nuisances—if that is not too weak a word.

That much will have to do as a rough sketch of the main criticisms leveled against the city. How valid are they? Some merely point to the defects of the virtues of urban living—there can be too much of a good thing; however, others suggest the erosion of these very virtues, an erosion that might well leave cities barren alike of urbanity and interest.

It is true that overstimulation may lead to withdrawal or excessive tension. But cities may stimulate without overstimulating. It seems unreasonable to inveigh against alcohol simply because some people drink too much. After all, it is not alcohol that makes one drunk—it is drinking too much that does it. As for the impersonality of the city, it may give one a wider choice in personal relations than the countryside does. Specialization can, but need not, go so far as to reduce the specialist to his specialty; and without the population density of the city, we could not support such specialists as coloratura singers, ballet dancers, psychoanalysts, and countless others—not to speak of such institutions as theaters, museums, specialized shops, et cetera.

If the virtues of cities as centers of civilization remain, occasional discomfort may be a price well worth paying. The real trouble is that cities are losing their social and cultural *raison d'être* as living communities. This is not an unavoidable process. On the contrary, it is happening entirely because of our own foolishness, which, perhaps, is unavoidable.

Of course, American cities cannot boast the ancient traditions that are embodied in the monuments and fountains, the castles, the piazzas and the palazzi—the grandeur, the nobility and fascination of Europe. They are comparatively formless, therefore. But need this go as far as it does?

Is it really necessary for us to build houses that are not expected to stand more than fifty years and usually are torn down before? Must we always sacrifice tradition to efficiency? How can we hope thus to inspire architects? And, indeed, the effects of our attitude

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are obvious if one looks around. Particularly in monumental building we are quite unable to develop any style of our own. We either imitate or resort to the "international modern," "functional" style about which the best that can be said is that it is fairly inoffensive.

If the first mistake of builders and planners is their disregard for tradition, their sacrifice of the established and living to the mechanically more efficient, a second frequent mistake is excessive *social* functionalism. Business and residential quarters often are entirely divorced. The effect is that *both* become monotonous and uninteresting. Much of downtown New York is a desolate ghost city after dark. This imposes uneconomic burdens on transportation systems and high overhead per unit on, for instance, restaurants crowded at lunch time and deserted at dinner time. More important, it deprives both the residential and business districts of the diversity and the continuous life that are the glory of cities.

I am aware of the high cost of real estate that makes it impossible to maintain residences in downtown districts. But this is not unavoidable. We could make laws prescribing that no more than a certain proportion of each block can be devoted to business purposes. This would solve the economic problem that private interests, left to their own devices, cannot possibly solve.

The entirely planned Australian capital of Canberra is a warning, although unheeded. The residential part—essentially a sprawling garden city—is quite separated from the government offices in which the inhabitants work and from the shopping centers. The result is that in this small city of less than 20,000 inhabitants, where no transportation should be needed, everybody has to ride to and from the office, to and from the shopping centers, and nobody can go home for lunch. Worse, each part of the town is only half alive most of the time.

In a big city, it is not possible, of course, for everybody to live near their places of work. Nor do all people want to, although many more would like such an arrangement than are now able to have it. I believe we should do everything we can to minimize functional separation—particularly separation of residential and business districts. They can enrich each other, and the separation

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impoverishes both and creates more problems than it solves. Unfortunately, the trend, unchecked by legislation and favored by city planners—it makes things neater—is toward utmost spatial separation of functions.

Functionalism takes other forms, too. For instance, in New York a new center of the arts is to be built to combine in a few blocks concert halls, the Metropolitan Opera house, dance recital stages, theaters and whatever else smacks of art. Apparently the planners are under the impression that people, after taking in a concert, go to the opera, then to the theater, and on to finish up the evening at a dance recital. It will be hard to persuade people to do this. One may go from one bar, or night club, to another; but surely not from the opera to a concert. Without actually enriching the center of the arts, the rest of the city, from which these cultural institutions must migrate, will suffer. And in practical terms, quite a traffic problem will be created.

Speaking of night clubs and bars, here too functionalism denatures the city. What makes city streets exciting are spontaneously located restaurants, bars, night clubs, specialty shops, candy stores, groceries—all the things that are usually excluded from planned developments. But these places not only lend interest to city streets, they are neighborhood social centers. To be sure, there is usually an official restaurant with a liquor license and an antiseptic supernarket; but I cannot imagine anyone feeling at home there.

Housing developments may be a necessary evil—although I doubt it. People too poor for reasons beyond their control to afford the rent required might just as well be subsidized with money rather than being given subsidized apartments. If there is demand, builders will build. The people then could spend their subsidy either on better housing—or on anything else they choose. It is this last prospect that scares social workers and politicians who are convinced that they know what is good for other people—and that other people do not. Hence they are willing to offer people subsidized apartments, but not the money with which they could decide whether to rent them. Further, the middle classes have been taught that slums breed crime, disease and what not. They do, in

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the same way in which one may say that hospitals breed death, by attracting sick people. Shall we abolish hospitals? Slums may be the *locus,* but not the *cause* of crimes, which have to do not with lack of bathrooms but with poverty and many other conditions. Slums will exist as long as there are people poorer than others; the poorest part of town will be the slum. Slums will indeed spread because people try to crowd into cities faster than lodgings can be built. The prospect, therefore, is for more slums in the next one hundred years.

To raze slums and rebuild in such a way as to house fewer people is pointless. Those who have lost their lodgings are compelled to crowd in elsewhere. The slum thus is displaced but not eliminated. As much as possible, we should add rather than raze buildings.

Incidentally, there is more life, and perhaps more communal feeling, in a slum than in many a suburb, although it be less well-scrubbed. I am not even convinced that an empty lot is not a better place for children to play than an institutional playground. It surely fosters independence, imagination and spontaneity far more than most playgrounds.

Must developments be as unpleasantly institutional as they are? Would it not be possible to build some big, towering structures together with some small ones with gardens and patios, one near to the other so as to offer sunlight to all and variety to the eye? This would not require additional space, only additional imagination. In most developments the high, rising towers are surrounded by well-shaved lawns (off which you must keep). The lawns are needed to give sunlight to the towers, and they please the architect. They set off his creations. But gardens owned or used by some tenants, and which at the same time could give delight to those who only can see and feel them, would be far more rewarding. Public things that are owned by everybody often turn out not to be possessed by anybody. They do not receive the individual care given to private plots. Public parks are needed, of course, and more of them. But small plots near residences should be owned by the residents. We must allow for spontaneous growth, variety and initiative. People

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should be allowed to arrange their environment and not be arranged by it.

Housing development tenants often are selected according to economic and family status. This, too, makes for tiresome monotony and is quite unnecessary. Why not include in the development some houses with large apartments and some with small ones, renting the big apartments at high rents to people who can pay and the small ones at lower rents? We should foster variety and surprise, not monotony.

The difficulties just listed have contributed to the rush to the suburbs, which adds some problems and solves none. Many reasons pull or push people to the suburbs. Some wish to own their own house; some wish to live in the country. (Alas, the countryside they seek vanishes as they reach it.) Some hope for lower taxes and better schools, or believe that children are better off in suburbs. One reason that I think is important, although seldom mentioned, is that when you buy a house in the suburbs, you get your future friends thrown in—you do not have to make friends: your neighbors automatically (and interchangeably) become your friends. Some think this is an advantage.

On the whole, the young middle-class set migrates to the suburbs, leaving the city largely to the very rich and the very poor, as well as to the old. Mostly, but not always, the suburbanites commute to work in the city. This effectively cuts them off from both city and country life.

There are now many sociological and fictional studies of suburbs. The high degree of conformity required, the de-individualization and the absence of spontaneity are well known, as is the monotony produced by having people of about the same age and income group, with about the same family and occupational problems, all getting up in about the same houses, feeding, catching trains, returning, drinking cocktails, sleeping, and starting all over again—all on the same schedule. Attempts to relieve the deadly boredom that oozes through suburbs—by drinking, adultery and nervous breakdowns—are usually unsuccessful.

Most suburbs do not provide either the privacy or the semi-

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rural life that lured their inhabitants. Because utilities would be too costly otherwise, houses are often built so near to each other that neighbors interfere more than they do in the city. (Sometimes I also have a sneaking suspicion that people like to look into each other's windows.) One cannot avoid seeing and hearing the neighbors and their television sets. And there is no escape, no point in going out—the suburban street, although clean, is totally, desolately uninteresting. There is no life on it; only cars.

As more people move to the suburbs, transportation to and from the city becomes a more and more unpleasant ordeal, while the suburb loses its remaining bucolic charms without acquiring any of the attractions of the city. They are still nice to visit—although I wouldn't want to live there. Soon they won't be nice to visit either.

This brings us to the crucial problem of transportation. Suburban living, and in many cities urban living, is now quite dependent on automobiles. Even where this is not the case, people insist on having cars. The out-of-pocket expenditure for automobiles is now about 27 billion dollars a year in the United States and is rapidly increasing. About 55 million cars are registered, and by 1975 about 100 million cars are expected to be used by a population of 200 million.

This increase in the number of automobiles is self-defeating. A car is very useful and even pleasant, if, say, no more than 10 per cent of the population ride in automobiles. The more people ride, the less useful the car becomes. In our big cities, automobiles are a costly and socially harmful nuisance. Yet half the mileage of all automobiles is driven on city streets. New measures to relieve traffic congestion—ever more expensive—are incessantly taken. These measures are responsible more than anything else for the destruction of neighborhoods, and for the deadly dullness of the streets from which people have been driven by traffic. Yet the elaborate traffic arteries and superhighways are doomed to failure for the simple reason that the very building of new roads, thruways, et cetera, that are to facilitate traffic, encourages the use and owner-

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ship of automobiles. Hence, the more and better roads, the more automobiles; congestion, if anything, gets worse because increases in traffic accommodations within a very short time produce more additional traffic than they accommodate.

Perhaps because of vested interests, but mostly because automobiles are still symbols of prestige, of independence, mobility and freedom to Americans, it is unlikely that the government will do anything to limit the number of cars. Soon it will be too late, for much of the new building that is going on presumes that residents have automobiles. In many suburbs, residents would be lost now without one or, often, two cars. Meanwhile, the automobile has had distressing effects on cities. Los Angeles, for instance, is but an endlessly sprawling succession of houses and traffic lanes—a composite of suburbs, not a city. Nothing isolates people from each other so much as the constant use of cars. It excludes chance meetings. It prevents any spontaneous sociability and quite literally places every person into a cocoon of his own—not to be left until the planned destination is reached.

Even in a city like New York, the automobile has deprived us of most amenities and threatens the remaining ones. Thus New Yorkers are barred from access to the Hudson River. Planners have pre-empted both the East and West (Hudson) Rivers for rapid transit lanes humming with cars day and night. Not for us the pleasant river promenade; nor sitting in summer in a café on the banks of the Hudson. It is true that Mr. Moses at high expense (ours) had those drives carefully tended and surrounded by lawns and trees. But who wants to stroll alongside a stream of smelling, jostling cars? Yet I find no institution more charming than the *corso* of Latin cities—the habit of strolling up and down a street designated by custom from dusk to night. There are no streets in New York where that would be possible. Right now the people located near ancient small parks in New York—such as Washington Square Park—are making a desperate stand against transforming these parks into the banks of express traffic lanes. At best, the protest will delay, but it will not stay the hand of the planners, who seem convinced that traffic is more important than residents, cars

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more important than people, and speed more important than parks or monuments. Yet, apart from its intrinsic vice, this approach is futile. Car-riding will grow as roads do, and more so.

A radically new approach is needed. Instead of building roads for more and more cars, we should hold down the number of cars used. There are two ways of doing this. One has been proposed for Fort Worth. It is simply to close the center of the city to automobiles. This will help, but it will also create parking problems, and it will not solve the problem of the sprawling suburb created by cars.

I think that cities will be saved only if we impose a high tax, high enough to be prohibitive for most people, on cars in urban centers. (I dare propose this only because I do not stand for elective office.) Any passenger car used in cities would have to bear a tax sticker. The tax should be lower, although not low, elsewhere. Of course, there should be certain exemptions or near exemptions—for physicians, for example. Taxis should be entirely exempted (at present it is the other way around: taxis are much more highly taxed than private automobiles, through the requirement of costly licenses). Yet they each carry many more riders per day than private cars and create no parking problem—they do not clutter up the city and are needed where mass transportation is uneconomical. Trucks, too, should be taxed, but not prohibitively.

The most economical and the best means for major urban centers is rail transportation, particularly subways. Subways are economically feasible only when they carry people from one point of high population density to another. Surface railways, buses and taxis, in that order, will have to do where the population is too sparse and dispersed to make subways economical. I do not believe that without such radical measures either cities or countryside can be saved. They will be homogenized into one big, swirling metropolitan area, where no one can feel at home or belong. Above all, the automobile, if we allow it to proliferate unchecked, will become useless. Hence, the restrictions and tax measures I suggest do not deprive people of any benefit actually available, but only of an illusion which threatens to destroy the benefits that cars can actually yield if they are limited in number.

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If only a fraction of the money now spent on automobile thruways and the like were spent on public means of transportation—subways to taxis rather than the unpleasant, overcrowded, bleak and dirty conveyances we now have—we might actually have public means of locomotion more pleasant than private ones.

Cities as living entities are endangered. But the trouble is not with real estate developers, nor is planning as such the remedy. The trouble is that each of us tries to get what he desires, and suffers from the fulfillment of everybody else's desires: for it is fulfilling people's desires that leads to congestion, to overbuilding, and also to sprawling. In a democracy, Santayana remarked, "people can do as they wish and [therefore] do not get what they want." The present development of "metropolitan areas," planned and unplanned, seems to illustrate Santayana's dictum.

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POEMS

JAMES HOLLY HANFORD

Poet on Horseback

Why do you stare down that way,
Squinting at your horse's withers?
Or is it your own crotch?
Lift up your eyes and look ahead,
Aware of the road and of the other riders.
Your beast will then move easy like a dancer
And you yourself will rest in movement.

Harvard Revisited

The old man with the snow-white beard
Slept in his chair at midnight.
We saw the light in his study and were glad,
Knowing that he would sleep and read
And sleep and read again
Ten million words in the night watches:
Old plays, witchcraft, Indian lore, anything,
Piling the novels one on another in the corner.
That was fifty years ago in Cambridge when the world was young.
Blessings on his great Falstaffian heart.
Would I were with him wherever he is,
In the Elysian fields or in Arthur's bosom
Or in Valhalla.

✪ JAMES HOLLY HANFORD is the author of *John Milton, Englishman* and *A Restoration Reader*. Since his retirement as graduate professor of English at Western Reserve University, he has been visiting professor at Antioch College and Princeton University Library. Next year, as a Smith-Mundt grantee, Mr. Hanford will be teaching at the University of Damascus.

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Narcissus in Chaos

Contemporary American Art

CLEVE GRAY

THE MODERN REVOLT AGAINST ACADEMICISM is more than a century old, yet we are still flailing the horse that has long died. The new and the shocking in all arts are still so eagerly received that they are scarcely questioned so long as they are not academic. Branded as conservative and reactionary are any suggestions that order is intrinsic to art, that an artist has an obligation of aesthetic responsibility, that individuality should be disciplined. But if these standards are no longer reputable, what has replaced them?

The director of the most influential contemporary art museum in this country and his staff are making a collection of art that sets the standard of public taste. He has often been asked, on behalf of the public, how he makes his choices. To paraphrase his various answers, he tells us that he picks the work of artists who significantly reflect the age they live in, work which he believes will stand the test of time as unique and intensely imaginative expressions of individuality. One cannot argue with this aim, although it is one that presupposes vast knowledge. It presupposes, for one thing, a profound understanding of the relation of present-day American culture to Western civilization; and, even more, it requires ability to project into the future with a perspective developed only by time. On a lower plane, it also demands ability to distinguish between works of art that will have lasting meaning from those that are simply curious and irresponsible.

Undoubtedly the most respected art critics and museums in

✪ CLEVE GRAY is an American painter who has had numerous one-man shows in New York City. Mr. Gray has published articles on Jacques Villon, Albert Gleizes, the frescoes of José Clemente Orozco, and Chinese painting.

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the United States have bet their chips heavily on a group called "avant-garde," a group composed of "abstract expressionists" and "action painters" in particular, and of non-objective artists in general. Leading painters in the group are Pollock, De Kooning, Motherwell, Still, Kline and Sam Francis, along with the older and influential teachers, Hans Hofmann and Stuart Davis. Paintings by members of this group were gathered together to represent United States art at the Brussels Fair. These painters have declared over and over, both in words and in paint, that they were not painting the visual world but rather their inner responses, that they were dealing with pure forms of vision and re-creating a new world, that they had replaced old types of art with the new art of their own unique symbols.

Stuart Davis typifies these thoughts in describing one of his own paintings: "Instead of the usual illusionist method, the emotions and ideas were equated in terms of a quantitatively coherent dimensional color-space system." The art critic Herbert Read gives further details about these intentions: "Modern man . . . will seek his ideal in some abstract harmony or in some symbol rising unaided from the depths of his unconscious."

This is a presumptuous program for an artist. It is presumptuous because it deliberately states that the visual declaration the artist makes is not about his conception of the visual world, but is only about his own individuality. The artist assumes that his own ego and unconscious are worth contemplating, are more worthy of contemplation than the objective world. Yet he will admit to you in the very moment he sets his unique individuality before you that he is saying nothing more than, "Here I am!" To quote Hans Hofmann: "Everyone should be as different as possible. There is nothing that is common to all of us except our creative urge. It just means one thing to me, to discover myself as well as I can."

What is the origin of this egotism? One is tempted, at first sight, to find it in nineteenth-century Romanticism, but this association is false. The Romanticists of the nineteenth century looked into themselves in order to discover what men really felt, after a period in which feeling had been desiccated and sophisticated. The Ro-

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manticists were not only ready to abandon any introspection that was not borne out by common experience, but they used nature and history as touchstones by which to sort out the genuine from the fanciful. The Romanticists were, in a sense, conducting a new survey of human experience under conditions akin to scientific observation. But it is a far cry from their open and tentative results, couched in intelligible forms that all could criticize, to the esoteric pronouncements that modern artists seek to impose by fiat. As Clement Greenberg, critic and champion of the avant-garde, has said: "The image or object can be put back into art only by pastiche or parody."

The modern egotist is saying that, except for its parody, the object *must* be eliminated, that *we dare not* put the object back into the painting. This modern singularism-by-decree is something very different from the Romanticist's imaginative interpretation of self and nature seeking to communicate truth.

Most of us have a conception of the difference between an ordered and a disordered life; but few of us stop to consider what is meant by order and disorder in art. The word "order" has taken on many special and honorific connotations; but what it comes down to is methodical and harmonious relationships. Whether or not one is speaking of the church, of law, of the military, of grammar, or simply saying, "My refrigerator is out of order" or "My bank account is in good order," one means the same thing. Order is the working principles of organization and intrinsic authority. With reference to art, the meaning is the same; it can be emphasized by the relation of the words "art" and "articulate." Both words derive from *ars*, "to join." To articulate means to make clear and to function; it often refers to joints that operate or to speech that is distinct. Just so does the word art refer to the problem of expressing the burden of a new creation with clarity. This is accomplished by a working relation of parts, and in the visual arts by an articulation of all the components that can be used for expression. The more imaginative and inclusive the use of these components is, the greater is the significant value of the work.

An artist has two different kinds of elements or components to

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articulate: the explicit parts, which are his lines, brushwork, color, form and the like; and the implicit parts, which are the various connotations and meanings implied and contained in the visual work. A painting or sculpture that consists simply of a vertical line has almost entirely eliminated the possibilities of implicit significance that enrich a work of art. A painting or sculpture that is mechanically realistic has eliminated most of the possibilities of significance inherent in the explicit parts. Actually, no work of art can make exclusive use of either of these two kinds of components without some reference to the other kind; but the character of the references and the degree of penetration into the relations between explicit and implicit expression determine the ultimate value of the work of art.

A sense of responsibility in life denotes respect for the obligation to act according to one's best intentions and powers. The artist's responsibility is no different. His obligation is to use the rich possibilities of his chosen art. We say a man is irresponsible if his actions are unrelated to standards of order. An irresponsible artist likewise holds himself not accountable to standards of visual reference. We judge whether the artist achieves responsible expression when we see how he uses visual references.

Academic art destroys the significance of individual expression by making unchangeable rules for the use of the explicit and implicit elements. But the reaction against academicism is no more worthy if it ignores or reduces possibilities of expression to insignificance. The more significant the expression, the greater the work of art. One may justly destroy old standards of order only if new standards replace them. The act of destruction by itself is not a creative act; it is irresponsible unless it prepares the ground for creation. Old standards give way to new ones only if the newer standards are more expressive and constructive.

The character of subject matter in painting bears directly upon the significance of the work of art because it helps determine the implicit component. Distinguishing his ideas from the classic idea that subject matter is real and belongs to the artist, the American avant-garde sculptor and painter will frequently describe how

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necessary it is before beginning work to spend a period of time in contemplation; and, if he has subject matter at all, this subject matter will be forced to disappear and to become his own reactions. Elaine de Kooning, painter, critic, wife of Willem de Kooning, writes: "The main difference, then, between abstract and nonabstract art is that the abstract artist does not have to choose a subject. But whether or not he chooses, he always ends up with one." Creative will must apparently abdicate in favor of the creative accident. Subjective contemplation preceding work has long been characteristic of Oriental rather than Occidental art, developing from the philosophy of a world in disorder rather than an ordered universe. But, what is to the point, the Oriental artist always depicted reality. He never professed to give us a non-objective world. He invariably stated in his work that through the contemplation of visual reality he had passed to the high plane of spiritual unity, and that *his work showed this passage*. Indeed, that was its purpose.

It is related of Wu Tao-tzu, the Giotto of China, that one day he disappeared into his own painting of a landscape and was never seen again. In the contemporary American abstract expressionist action painting, it is the landscape that disappears into the artist. The unhappy spectator stares at an unintelligible vacuum.

It is a widespread cliché that in the twentieth century standards of order no longer exist, although Western civilization has always conceived of an orderly universe. Man in the Far East, perhaps because of a more brutal environment, has seen mainly the disorder of his personal life. As an artist he sought and found an escape in metaphysics; as a philosopher, possibly defending himself against a world in disorder, he dissolved his individual identity in the infinite oneness of the universe; whereas Western man, in a kinder, more submissive environment, attempts to dominate nature, forming it in his own image. Western man's identity is part of, even necessary to, all his metaphysical systems.

In twentieth-century America, the emphasis on the precious identity of the individual has been more intense than ever before. We place a priceless worth on the existence of every person. We feel

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a tremendous necessity to cultivate his physical and spiritual demands. We value a man's creations *according to the very degree of their individuality.*

Western civilization has from time to time turned to Greece as a period in which an ideal balance of creative individuality and individual responsibility was achieved. It is a telling fact that the Greek word for "idiot" (ἰδιώτης) has also the meaning "his own" or "private person." In other words, the individual becomes idiotic at the point where his experience is unrelated to a responsible conception of reality, the communal reality, and becomes entirely "his own." One may legitimately ask what is the relation to communal reality of the avant-garde artist. Harold Rosenberg, one of the first champions of action painting, describes its process: "He [the artist] gesticulated upon the canvas and watched for what each novelty would declare him and his art to be."

It is, indeed, unnecessary for an artist to engage in communal activity outside his work. His communal activity is his work. His sense of communal responsibility ought to be present in the work itself, in the character of the aesthetic ideas communicated. Heaven forbid that the American artist should ever be required to communicate political ideas. But he should of his own accord feel the desire to use his freedom positively and constructively.

The painting of Jackson Pollock is today widely accepted in a great part of the world as being an important and highly individual contribution to art. Since his violent death, it has attained great monetary value, so that both aesthetic and financial judgment sustain it. It is extremely decorative and strong, and it possesses a degree of monumentality. Above all, it makes a kind of statement about the unlicensed freedom of an artist. But let us look further into the character of these attributes. After a long period of "classical" restraint surviving into the first half of the nineteenth century, the creative artists of Western Europe broke away from conventions of vision and technique, and they successfully established the artist's right to re-create visual reality according to conceptions that transcended ordinary visual experience. The assertion of the creative individual reached a Himalayan peak from 1900 to 1915. About

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1915 destructive dangers, which are inherent in all revolutionary extremes, began to assert themselves. These were, perhaps, best typified by the Dadaists. The Dadaists clearly saw the result of the increased emphasis upon the individual's right to destroy his subject without re-creating a substitute. They saw that it led to a denial both of the validity of the subject and the necessity of the artist to create anything at all. Followed to its logical conclusion, this aesthetic declares that non-art is superior to art, that Marcel Duchamp should indeed abandon painting and devote his life to playing chess, and that, in the end, the most appropriate museum for modern art would be an empty building.

Since the first years of this century, therefore, little work of truly unique style has been achieved. There have been simply different exaggerations of different aspects of the already liberated imagination. *Most men who have worked in paint have not used the liberated language of their individuality to make constructive assertions.* They have climbed a familiar peak only to hear their own voices echo back, "I made it!"

It is ironical that the school of American art that calls itself the avant-garde, far from being ahead of its time, is rather drifting in a backwater of ideas significant half a century ago. The initial shock value that gave the group a purpose has worn off. In fact, the so-called avant-garde is now a phase of the academicism it abhors. It works by unimaginative conformity with set rules. It is also ironical that this group is promoted as the reflection of the spirit of American individualism and action; for by neglecting the responsibility inherent in a communicative individualism, and by failing to recognize laws of order and expression, it has lost the only individuality it could claim for itself.

What I am saying is that although the best work of the contemporary non-objective painters, such as Pollock's, may be agreeably decorative, it is nothing more. Whether one displays oneself in dripped lines, in rectangular voids, in misty circles or in regulated squares is not important, because it expresses no defensible or disputable assertion. The artist who is so attracted to himself that he is content with his private shorthand, and the group that enjoys

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the contemplation of his narcissism will, one hopes, be replaced by artists who have learned the importance of human relations. And at this point I simply recall that Western civilization has developed because of its belief in ordered existence.

In relating contemporary American painting to the Western conception of the individual, it is informative to ask what kind of order, if any, Western philosophy finds in life today. It has been stylish to blame science for upsetting our conventional faith, leaving us without a standard of order. But the Western scientist is continuously remarking upon the order of the universe and constantly searching for its grand design. The design of the scientist, who is increasingly dominating our mode of thinking, gives emphasis to his conviction that the order imposed upon life may not be imposed entirely by metaphysics, as we have believed, but is rather the spontaneous process of nature; in fact, it is the *necessary* process for the maintainance of the natural development of life. Without this natural order, life would cease. Biologists, biochemists and astronomers agree that systems of life that lose their process of order give way to systems that can maintain themselves through their own innate order. Life exists because it is ordered; it is not ordered because it exists. Science is constructing still more reasons for the belief in an ordered universe.

To return to Pollock as an example of the best of the avant-garde group, it is helpful to review an aspect of his work which is often praised: its dancelike character. His work is praised for having been painted with bodily participation in the movement his canvases display. It is explained that he entered his creations physically in a new way. This achievement, action painting, is thus described by one of its first champions, Harold Rosenberg: "The painter no longer approached his easel with an image in his mind; he went up to it with material in his hand to do something to that other piece of material in front of him. The image would be the result of this encounter. . . . the painter gets away from Art through his act of painting. . . . This work, the act, translates the psychologically given into the intentional, into a 'world'—and thus transcends it." Well, Michelangelo painted the Sistine Chapel pain-

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fully on his back, Renoir's last work was done in a wheel chair, and some Chinese painters of the "wild men" school used fingers instead of brushes; but this, I submit, should have not the slightest influence on our judgment of their value as works of art.

I doubt, moreover, if the word "rhythmic" is properly used in describing the movement in Pollock's or other abstract expressionists' works. Rhythm is, in essence, regulated by inherent law; rhythmic harmony represents an organized conception of proportions. The conscious use of disharmony only serves to accent measurement. Without bounds upon it, rhythm becomes mere flux —the word that better describes the type of movement abstract-expressionist action painting creates. For flux is unrestrained and unregulated. It may be compared to a stream of consciousness, possessing the materials of expression but for lack of precision not *artfully* expressive. This flux has gained its present prominence because of a mistaken belief that it is "justified" by psychiatry. But the unrestrained freedom necessary to psychiatric investigation has never been intended as an end in itself; it is rather a method used to achieve order out of chaos. Proust and Joyce kept order in their free associations and dealt with ideas which humanity shares, their work being, in consequence, neither narcissistic nor chaotic.

Similar considerations arise in discussing the emphasis placed upon the calligraphy of Pollock and others of the avant-garde. "Much has been said of the parallels between contemporary abstraction and Oriental esthetic, and Kline's bold strokes are among those having the nearest affinity to Eastern calligraphy," states the *Magazine of Art* in May of 1953. The word "calligraphy" is in this context improperly used. Oriental calligraphy refers to linear movement with inherent meaning. The civilization of the Orient has for centuries judged great calligraphy to be among the highest art forms. Painting technique in the Far East was founded on calligraphic movement. It should be obvious enough that a great difference exists between a calligraphy with implicit meaning behind every stroke and a would-be calligraphy without this inherent order. Tobey has also been hailed as an artist who has interpreted in Western terms the calligraphic character of Oriental art. He him-

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self discusses this, saying: "I have just had my first lesson in Chinese brush from my friend and artist Teng Kwei. The tree is no more a solid in the earth, breaking into lesser solids bathed in chiaroscuro. There is pressure and release. Each movement, like tracks in the snow, is recorded and loved for itself." This suggests a child's first attempts to imitate his parent's writing. Movement of this tentative kind and "loved for itself" is linear meandering.

It is poetic justice that the contemporary museum director, caught in the web of his own making, is all but required to exhibit the work of talented children because of its close relation to some contemporary painting. The work of children is praised, as it should be, for a quality of imaginative directness, but its exhibition in a museum is an inexpensive way of hedging one's bets. The museum director has so confused himself that he is no longer sure either of what to exhibit or what really constitutes a work of art.

I do not know whether it is truly possible for Occidental art to express itself in Oriental terms. Before attempting this, it would be advisable for the avant-garde to gain more than a superficial knowledge of what Oriental art really is. Principles of Chinese art are often quoted. The intelligent critic and painter William Seitz has written: "Thanks to the analogous concern of both the modern and the Oriental artist for life rhythm and dynamic resolution of antithesis, we have gained for the first time a sympathy with the attitude of the Chinese toward reality." Sensing that the first principle of Hsieh Ho, properly translated as "spirit's breath and life movement," a prime requisite of Chinese painting, is somehow different from our Western concept of rhythm and must not be translated as "rhythm," most contemporary Western abstract expressionist action painters have interpreted this principle of vitality essential to Oriental art as license to give way in their own work to violent caprice and eccentricity.

The fact that the breath of spirit and the movement of life must be present in a work of art means that the Far Eastern artist insists on a specific quality of life that makes the subject significant: its life. Indeed, objects that a Westerner calls inanimate, such as rocks, water, trees, have for the Oriental this quality of breath of

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spirit and life movement. All of disordered existence is pervaded with this vital force, yet it is not an ordering force; the Chinese artist does not search for an underlying structural order in the Western sense, but rather for nature's pervasive vitality. By losing himself in the magnitude of this vital force, the Chinese re-creates through his brush a visual representation of the appearance of this force as it manifests itself in objective reality. Nor is Oriental painting composed in the same manner as Western painting. A non-Western conception of dynamic unity comes into play that is neither abstract expressionist flux nor Western geometric composition. But, above all, the purpose of great Oriental art is to bring about the passage of the human soul from actuality and its disorder to the unity of an all-pervading spirit beyond life.

We may, therefore, conclude that the object of all great art, Oriental or Occidental, is to elevate the spirit. Masterpieces of Western art achieve this end by an insistence on underlying structure, that is, order. Its source is metaphysical or, as science tells us, the fundamental requisite of life. Either way it is the order of life itself that exalts the Western soul. The painter's job is to find his way of interpreting this positive philosophy in visual terms. Many young American artists are working toward this goal, but they are not members either of the conservative realist or surrealist groups, nor are they part of the publicized avant-garde. In its honest effort to understand modern art, let us hope that the American public will soon be shown more of the constructive and less of the capricious.

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Reformers and Puritans

PHYLLIS McGINLEY

The Pastor and the Lady

Old John Knox
Of Edinborough,
Sure of his mission
To be God's tool,
From the pulpit-box
More in anger than sorrow
Called down perdition
On Female Rule.

While England wondered,
While Scotland trembled,
Hot, vociferous,
Uncontent,
John Knox thundered
To Kirk assembled
At Women's Monstriferous
Regiment.

Mary, poor creature,
Nourished in kinder
Courts and weather
Than her dour land's,
Wept that the Preacher
Had much maligned her
And wrung together
Her royal hands.

Cried Mary, "Alas,
He hails me strumpet
Whose fault is chiefly

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That I wear a crown!"
But his voice was the brass
Of Joshua's trumpet,
And, wavering briefly,
The walls fell down.

She lost her smile
And she lost her nation,
Lost—oh, sinister!—
Her pretty head;
Lost for a while
Her reputation,
While John Knox, Minister,
Died in bed.

Yes, leader of flocks,
Most stern and thorough,
A man well-molded
For the Scottish scene
Was old John Knox
Of Edinborough.
But would he had scolded
A plainer Queen!

How to Start a War

Said Swingli to Muntzer,
"I'll have to be blunt, sir.
I don't like your version
Of Total Immersion.
And since God's on my side
And I'm on the dry side,
You'd better swing ovah
To me and Jehovah."

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Cried Muntzer, "It's schism,
Is Infant Baptism!
Since I've had a sign, sir,
That God's will is mine, sir,
Let all men agree
With Jehovah and me,
Or go to Hell, singly,"
Said Muntzer to Swingli,

As each drew his sword
On the side of the Lord.

A Simple Explanation of Certain Epistles

Paul the Apostle cast a chilly eye on
Women. They seem to have caused him much concern.
Writing those brethren newly come to Zion,
Though better, admonished Paul, to marry than burn,
Best would it be if all remained as he did—
Whole and free-hearted, single for the search.
Let woman be subject. Let her serve when needed,
Humbly; but see she holds her tongue in church.

So thundered public Paul. The private fellow,
Human and often hungry, liked to end
Letters with some warm message for Priscilla,
Julia or Sister Phoebe, his good friend
Who (one suspects) in many a dangerous day
Lent Paul and other saints upon their uppers
Firm-minded counsel on the Christian way
Along with hot and hospitable suppers.

PHYLLIS McGINLEY is well known for her poetry. Her first volume of prose, published in September, is a collection of essays and is entitled *The Province of the Heart.*

This series of Miss McGinley's poems, "Reformers and Puritans," will be completed in the Winter issue.

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THE INVASION OF PRIVACY (4)

Laus Contemptionis

GERALD W. JOHNSON

THERE IS MERIT in August Heckscher's contention that the general title of the discourse current in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR should be not "The Invasion of Privacy," but "The Corruption" thereof. Privacy has been corrupted by being equated with secrecy and has fallen under the condemnation of secrecy regardless of the fact that while what is private is secret, what is secret is not necessarily private. Secrecy covering the conduct of public affairs is one of the notorious evils of our time.

The ban that public opinion has laid on secrecy is not unreasonable until it is extended to privacy as well; for with very few and very plain exceptions, secrecy is the device of inferior men to conceal their terror or their shame, while privacy is the device of superior men to conceal their contempt. Both are prudential measures, but that is the extent of their similarity, for they differ in origin and in purpose. Secrecy relates to the overt act—counting the spoken or written word as an overt act—and its purpose is to enable the inferior man to escape the consequences of his acts. Privacy relates to attitudes, tastes and opinions, and its purpose is to enable the superior man to escape being trampled by the brutish herd.

Obviously the confusion would not have occurred without a

GERALD W. JOHNSON, formerly an editorial writer for the *Baltimore Sun*, is now a free-lance newspaperman and reviewer. Among his many books are *Woodrow Wilson*, *The American People* and *The Lunatic Fringe*.

This article is the fourth in an AMERICAN SCHOLAR series on the invasion of privacy. Other contributors have been Richard H. Rovere, August Heckscher and Granville Hicks.

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prior decay of belief in the existence of the superior man, that is to say, of the aristocratic tradition. We still give formal assent to the dictum of Jefferson, "There is a natural aristocracy among men. The grounds for this are virtue and talents"; but the assent is formal, strictly rational, not emotional. Emotionally we do not assent, for we attach moral significance to the adjectives "inferior" and "superior" when they are applied to men. We consider them pejorative, not merely descriptive, for they are not consonant with the egalitarianism that has permeated and threatens to transubstantiate American democracy.

If superiority is an inadmissible concept, it follows that its attributes are also under the ban. Conspicuous among these is contempt. To be sure, this does not refer to the outward expression of the emotion: an expression of contempt may be and usually is merely bad manners, and bad manners are emphatically not characteristic of superiority. But the emotion itself is the attitude naturally developing from the mature mind's opinion of the puerility, shallowness and shoddiness pervading large areas of American life and culture. This attitude, whether or not expressed in word or deed, seems to be regarded by many extremely vocal persons as undemocratic, un-American and un-Christian.

If contempt is a sin irrespective of its object, then its extirpation may be defended as a praiseworthy objective. But to get at it, one must proceed beyond the overt act and modify the way of thinking of the contemptuous man, which, of course, negates the existence of privacy. This assumption that the Eleventh Commandment says, "Thou shalt not despise a pimp or a politician, to say nothing of anybody else," is, as I believe, the philosophical basis of the widespread denial that privacy is an inalienable right included in the expression "the pursuit of happiness." This denial is what has brought the matter within the purview of the law.

In an earlier essay in this series Richard H. Rovere, touching on the legal aspects of privacy, referred to a Georgia case in which the desire for privacy was said to be based on the "instincts of nature." I take it that he had in mind the decision delivered by

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Cobb, J., in *Pavesich* v. *New England Life Insurance Co.*, which came before the Georgia Supreme Court in 1905 and is cited in Hale's *Law of the Press* as still leading. Certainly it was followed a quarter of a century later by O'Dunne, J., in a similar case in Maryland, so it would seem to be rather more than a peculiarity of Georgia law.

Both cases hinged upon the unauthorized use of the plaintiff's photograph in commercial advertising; and both courts held that as a man's face is indubitably his property, its unauthorized use by others in the expectation of making a profit is an invasion of his property rights. But Cobb added certain obiter dicta that carry the thing beyond property into constitutional rights.

He began with Blackstone's assertion that personal liberty certainly includes "the power of locomotion, of changing situation or moving one's person to whatsoever place one's own inclination may direct, without imprisonment or restraint, unless by due course of law." Cobb read "changing situation" as implying more than mere locomotion in space, as covering transition from private to public life. As it is unquestioned that any American citizen whose civic rights have not been forfeited by conviction of felony may enter public life when and as he pleases, the Georgia judge held that the contrary motion is no more to be questioned. "The right to withdraw from the public gaze at such times as a person may see fit, when his presence in public is not demanded by any rule of law, is also embraced within the right of personal liberty."

Whether or not that is good law is a professional question on which I am not qualified to form an opinion. But as the decision in a leading case is accepted as law until it is successfully challenged, it seems to a layman that law it is, good or bad. Apparently the law, as it now stands, does recognize public and private life as two distinct realms and admits that free movement between them is a component of personal liberty as distinguished from property rights.

In the eyes of the law, however—or at least in the eyes of Judge Cobb—the realms are separate and disparate, and you cannot enter one without departing from the other. When a man by his volun-

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tary act enters public life he surrenders his right to privacy; but a voluntary surrender is altogether different from an involuntary deprivation, and it was this deprivation that the court doomed.

There are other ways of entering public life than by running for the legislature. For instance, you can hold up a filling station. From that moment you are very much in public life, and the investigating police are in no way restricted by your former right of privacy, for you have voluntarily surrendered it.

All this seems clear enough. The doubtful area is defined by the uncertain status of the totality of a man's acts. A candidate for public office has certainly thrown himself entirely into public life, for his opinions and attitudes as well as his overt acts are of legitimate concern to the people whose votes he asks. A malefactor is equally a public figure, for his intentions are obviously part of the measure of his guilt. But further deponent—in this instance the law—sayeth not.

Consider, then, the case of a man not charged with either candidacy or crime. His right to remain in private life is clear as far as the law is concerned. His right to enter public life is equally clear. But his right to pass at will from one to the other is very strenuously denied, despite Judge Cobb's opinion.

A conspicuous case in point was that of Owen Lattimore a few years ago. Professor Lattimore held no office under this government, nor was he a candidate or an applicant for any, but he was in public life to the extent that he wrote regularly for publication. He could, therefore, legitimately be held to answer for whatever he wrote, and he did answer so effectively that no action was brought against him on the basis of his published writings. Nevertheless, he was indicted for perjury, was put to vast trouble and expense, and for a time seemed in jeopardy of his liberty because in answer to a question as to where his sympathies lay, he said one thing when the government contended that he should have said the opposite.

Eventually the courts ruled that where a man's sympathies lie is, like the Unknown Soldier, "known but to God." It can neither

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be proved nor disproved; therefore it is not justiciable. There were three other counts in the indictment, but they were of so trivial a nature that the government chose not to go to trial on them and the case was dropped.

Thus Lattimore suffered no legal pains and penalties because he answered a question that he should not have been asked. All it cost him was every cent he had in the world and everything that he could borrow, two years out of his career, immense fatigue of mind and body, anxiety and harassment beyond measure, and exposure to the sneers and jeers of all the empty heads in the country. All this he underwent because certain government officials chose to believe that he harbored a sympathy that he had not publicly expressed—had, indeed, publicly denied—to wit, sympathy with the Communist regime. Disregarding the "nice, sharp quillets of the law," is not the government morally guilty when it so penalizes a man in an effort to discover what he thinks on a question on which he has not chosen to express an opinion?

It is my dreary conviction that if the matter were put to a vote today, a large majority of Americans would vote No. Vast numbers of us view with approval any sort of official effort to expose and penalize any opinion differing sharply from that of the majority. With unction we quote Jefferson as far as "the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail," and stop there. We do not add, as he did, "that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable," because it implies that the will of the majority may not in all cases be rightful, and when it is not rightful it is contemptible.

In a society with any remnant of the aristocratic tradition this would be taken for granted, but in an egalitarian society it is rejected as intolerable. It must not be permitted, law or no law. Hatred and fear of the majority may be recognized, however strongly disapproved, but not contempt, for to admit its existence would destroy the sacrosanctity of the greater number, the fallacy on which egalitarianism is based.

Hence the widespread doctrine that contempt of the majority is the absolute *malum in se*, by comparison with which high treason is a peccadillo and murder almost benign. It follows logically that

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a man who is contemptuous of anything, Congress in chief, but even of a pimp or a keyhole-peeper, is suspect; only one totally incapable of contempt is certainly guiltless of the quintessence of criminality, contempt of the reigning majority.

Philosophically, no doubt, the core of every species of villainy is the intent. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and imagining the king's death is the matrix of regicide. If it is a function of the state to extirpate all evil, then the investigation of dangerous thoughts is necessarily an implied power of government. In that case there is no distinction between privacy and secrecy and little between the mundane functions of the Church and those of the State.

But there is still a contumacious minority holding that the injunction against rendering unto Caesar the things that are God's is still in force, and that a man's conscience is one of those things. Its members hold that the corrective action of the State is limited to crime, while action against sin is exclusively within the purview of the Church. Or, if this smacks of clericalism, put it that they hold that legal authority and moral authority are distinct, different and in no wise interchangeable.

This minority also holds that contempt is not undemocratic, not un-American and, when directed properly, is one of the Christian virtues. As to the first, to believe that democracy is the best form of government as yet devised by the wit of man is not inconsistent with believing that it is not very good, at that.

So to believe requires no more than a frank admission of the obvious truth that its statecraft constitutes the most colossal failure of the human race. The continued prevalence of pauperism, crime and war is the deep damnation of all politics, democratic, autocratic, theocratic or any other. The democratic polity is undoubtedly the best—but look at it! Far from making our lives and liberties secure it has to date been unable to devise any trustworthy safeguard against the extermination of the species by war, and possibly even the destruction of the globe itself.

It is not inconsistent to hold that in the conduct of public

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affairs the wisdom of the mass of the people is in the long run superior to the wisdom of any individual or of any small oligarchy; and to hold at the same time that at any given moment the majority may have degenerated into the mob, justifying Alexander Hamilton's outburst, "Your people, sir, is a great beast!" Nor is it inconsistent to hold that in the conduct of private affairs the majority is chronically the mob.

Contempt for the mob has been characteristic of those leaders who have believed most firmly that democracy is the best form of government now available, and who have had most faith in the final perseverance of the wisdom of the people. If contempt for the mob is undemocratic, then you must strike from the roll of democratic leaders the names of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and Wilson. The gap would be startling.

The second delusion, that the emotion is un-American, may be disposed of by a few choice quotations, from Jefferson's "when a man has cast longing eyes on office a rottenness begins in his conduct," through Lincoln's description of a politician as "at least one long step removed from an honest man," and Emerson's "men in power have no opinions, but may be had cheap for any opinion, for any purpose," to Mencken's oft-repeated assertion that no gentleman can be elected to public office in the United States. If any suspicion of un-Americanism is justified it attaches not to doctrine accepted without question by John Adams, Henry Thoreau and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. or Jr., but rather to the innovation unheard of until recently. This is the theory that elevation to office is the outward manifestation of inward grace. In earlier times it was taken as prima-facie evidence of rascality. The sages quoted above did not deny that an officeholder *could* be relatively honest, but they were convinced that it was so improbable as to render it as incumbent upon the jobholder to prove his honesty as it is upon the dairyman to explain the presence of a trout in the milk.

Finally, there is the recently popular theory that contempt, whatever its political and historical status, is morally reprehensible, corrosive of character, and is not to be reconciled with the Christian ethic.

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But there are those who are unable to detect any deferential or even respectful quality in a description of certain men as "whited sepulchres," outwardly beautiful but "within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness"; nor in an assertion that persons engaged in a perfectly lawful enterprise, to wit, brokerage, by entering the House of Prayer "have made it a den of thieves"; nor in the cutting remark to the conspicuously pious, "ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers." But to designate as un-Christian the spirit revealed by these utterances would be, well, for charity's sake let us say, unorthodox.

The anomaly of holding the words of Christ to be un-Christian originates, of course, in the common human inability to distinguish between the doer and the deed. The disdain of the Nazarene was for the Pharisees as hypocrites, not as Pharisees; in like manner the disdain of a superior man ought to be for the majority as the mob, not as the majority. True, the superior man, being less than divine, has trouble in keeping the distinction clear and, as a result, occasionally falls into confusion; but the inferior man never gets it clear at all.

From this fuzziness of mind has arisen the cult of what Lippmann calls "the omnicompetent citizen." This cult is wedded to the illusion that all men must be assumed to be equally admirable in any capacity, and that it is inconsistent and undemocratic to regard Eisenhower as a hero in war but a dolt in politics; or to admit that a boy who at sixteen has not mastered the multiplication table is uneducable and should be removed from school and put to earning his keep at some task that he can perform creditably —street-sweeping, perhaps. For has not Eisenhower twice been chosen by the majority for the highest political office, and is not the dimwit the son of a taxpayer and voter just as truly as the child prodigy, and therefore entitled, by decision of the majority, to be instructed up to a certain age whether he benefits or suffers by the instruction? Does not one who questions these decisions stand in contempt of the majority?

He does. There is not a shadow of doubt about it. The doubt is as to whether his contempt is a crime or a Christian virtue. To

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refrain from ill-doing constitutes civic virtue; but the theologians are the first to tell us that it is Christian virtue to despise ill-doing.

All men are equal before the law. That is not merely the essence, it is also the limit of democratic theory. Men do not come within the cognizance of the law except by overt act or uttered word; among these the law can distinguish the good from the bad, but it is too crude an instrument to be used to measure character or intelligence. It is entirely consonant with democratic theory to recognize this limitation and to protest misuse of the law for such a purpose.

The case, however, is not yet closed. There remains the issue of utility. It is conceivable that a thing, even as imponderable a thing as an intellectual or moral quality, may be impeccably democratic, American and Christian, yet have no more practical importance than last week's laundry list or that other senator from Virginia. The final question that the *advocatus diaboli* must answer with regard to contempt is, Of what use is it?

In part, the answer is simple and easy. In the battle of ideas contempt is the polemicist's second best weapon against the mob, standing next after ridicule and just ahead of logic, but capable of supporting both. Its efficiency is limited but, within its limits, immense. It may be compared to the infantryman's bayonet, which is no good at all against an intercontinental ballistic missile, but is very handy indeed against a lynching mob.

Neither ridicule nor contempt can be brought to bear against an intellectual equal who is vulnerable to logic alone. But what of that? In the estimation of a superior man, defeat by a better logician is not a humiliation, it is an education. What he fears is not being unhorsed by Lancelot, but being overwhelmed and trampled by the herd of Gadarene swine, maddened by the devils of superstition and baseless terror.

Against this fate contempt is a better defense than Aristotle's heaviest artillery. If it is losing effectiveness in America the chances are that the intellectuals are as much to blame as the masses. They have forgotten, or choose to ignore, the sapient advice of Henry

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Adams' friend on how to deal with a congressman—take a stick and hit him on the snout. A hog can be kept out of the parlor by a stick laid smartly across his snout, but one man, even with a stick and the will to use it, cannot stop a whole herd.

We are afflicted with too many gutless intellectuals afraid not of a large enemy with a club but of loneliness. They cannot endure the solitude of the sentry on outpost duty. To be misunderstood and therefore rejected is to them an unbearable fate, and in their frantic effort to escape it they consent to explain what ought never to be explained. They surrender the right of privacy because they lack the hardihood to take the position that what the rabble cannot understand it has no right to know. Many, indeed, cannot take that position because they have embraced the egalitarian heresy that denies that there is a rabble. This constitutes the moral disaster of rendering unto God the things that are Caesar's, for keeping the rabble in order is Caesar's particular care.

If there are no inferior men, there can be no superior men. If there can be no superior men, the concept of excellence is an illusion. If excellence is an illusion, then aspiration is lunacy, morality can have no higher motivation than the fear of hell—

> a hangman's whip
> To haud the wretch in order,

—and all of us might as well fill our bellies with the husks that the swine do eat.

But if there is a superior man, then he is a traitor to his class when he does not resent and abjure "the insolence of elected persons" who presume to inquire into his thoughts and opinions. For the right of privacy is not strictly an intellectual concept, threatened only by the mentally incompetent. Privacy belongs to the moral as much as to the intellectual realm, and therein lies the danger.

For congressmen in the main are not fools. It is only on rare occasions that an absolute moron wins an election, and then only by a fluke. The great majority of the members can think with all the shrewdness, speed and agility of a first-class swindler, and it

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is a mistake to underrate their rational processes. It is not mental but moral imbecility that renders a certain proportion of them as incapable of understanding such concepts as honor, magnanimity and moral courage as a Poland China boar is incapable of mastering the binomial theorem.

So if privacy is, as Mr. Heckscher thinks, corrupted rather than invaded, at least as much of the blame lies upon readers of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR as upon readers of *True Confessions*. For the superior man who does not appreciate, or dares not resort to, the sovereign virtues of contempt, has deserted his post, has breached the dike, has let down the bars and has made himself indistinguishable from one of the stampeding herd. If the time has come when most of those Americans with the capacity of superiority refuse to be superior, then we may as well prepare to march out to surrender like Cornwallis, with the band playing "The World Turned Upside Down."

Attention with intention
brings a thought to grace.
Either alone?
A ghost in space.

ALICE VAN HISE

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Echo

ELIZABETH STANTON HARDY

Travelers who came that day to Pisa's Baptistery
Called Giovanni from the pillared shade,
Bade him come and sing.

The sweet voice of the boy rose to a stone rotunda—
Higher, to a colonnaded dome.
A pause, then floating down
The clear-toned echo came.

For those listening to notes of earthly origin,
Who hear no glory in the Voice descending,
Nor whispering of wings—
The echo waits, the years close in.

✪ ELIZABETH STANTON HARDY is the author of a book on the technique of modern verse, *Poetry, The Shaping of Words.* She has also written *Leaves from This Stem,* an autobiography, and *Time in the Turning,* a book of verse.

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Autumn

LORUS J. and MARGERY MILNE

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN and the fodder's in the shock," the gentlest breeze can be sharp with spices escaping from simmering kettles of chili sauce and end-of-season relish. One's mouth moistens with anticipation, and the mind fills with thoughts of apples and hickory nuts—the riches of harvest time.

All summer the plants have been building goodness into fruits and grains. Now comes their time to rest. The pendulum of the year's growth has swung from tick to tock—and stopped. It is ready for the backward stroke, when it will swing to tick again next spring. Autumn is the moment of pause.

The change is sensed by man and detected by all the creatures around him, although the genial warmth of the southward slanting sun brings no reminder that the first frost of fall has nipped lightly at the land. The cloudless sky still shows its summer blueness. Yet the plants are readying themselves for winter. All but the evergreens have ceased to carry water to leaves and buds. They transform their chlorophyll into salvageable compounds and withdraw them. The leaves and frailer stems shine suddenly with the beauty of October.

For a time the asters hold their color. The larch glows like a great cone of golden feathers. The maples burn in crimsons, and the lemon-yellow flowers of witch hazel are set off against the deep background of pine and spruce and hemlock. Staghorn sumac leaflets flush as though dipped in grape wine, yet they droop as if wilted. Actually each is almost dry and ready to drop.

Along the field border an old stone wall is partly hidden below

✪ LORUS and MARGERY MILNE are naturalists, writers, teachers and photographers. Their sixth and most recent book, *Paths Across the Earth*, tells of the travels of animals and man.

Another essay by the Milnes, "What Do Animals See?" appeared in the Winter, 1958-59, issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

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the scarlet leaves of woodbine. Between the foliage, red stems thrust upward, branching to a dozen blue berries and extending the fruit to any passing pheasant or chipmunk. The breeze rustles among the waving banners of goldenrod, but animal life appears not to have heard dawn's alarm clock. Hours ago the hoar frost vanished like a mirage. The dust along the cowpath is as dry as any desert.

Suddenly, from the dead grass at the edge of the path, a two-inch caterpillar bustles forth. It resembles a short bottle-brush, black on the ends, brownish red in the middle. Early colonists knew it as a "beare-worm." It is the favorite woolly bear that children love. Now it marches to the middle of the path and stops, standing on ten stumpy legs while raising the front third of its body clear of the ground. From side to side the caterpillar swings its head and fore parts, as though looking for a signpost.

Down the path the insect hastens. Clearly it is the source of the colloquial expression "hurrying along like a caterpillar in the fall." At this season most kinds of caterpillars have finished feeding and have found themselves a place in which to transform into a moth or butterfly. Not so the woolly bear. It will be hungry again in the spring.

As the fur-coated creature ambles on, waves of activity rush forward along its wormlike body. First the soft, stubby legs at the rear raise and shift together. Then, as though nudged from behind, each of the four similar pairs of legs amidship lift up, move forward and rest down again. Finally the three pointed pairs of legs at the front end take up the motion. A new wave now starts at the rear. The jogging gait is remarkably effective, and it is seldom interrupted even for a "look around." Rarely does this gesture lead to a sharp change in route.

On each side of its black head, the woolly bear has half a dozen minute eyes. These allow no clear vision. Yet when the caterpillar raises up and swings its head from side to side, these eyes tell the animal the way toward trees or to grass or the clearing down the path. They may even help identify compass directions if the sun is bright and the sky comparatively clear.

Both crude vision and touch may warn the caterpillar that the

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feet of a cow or a hungry bird have come to earth close by. Usually the insect reacts by curling into a spiral, with its black and reddish bristles pointing outward in all directions. A bird may peck once or twice, then fly away, apparently discouraged. Skunks and raccoons, which relish caterpillars as food, sometimes maul a woolly bear until the brittle hairs break and fall off, leaving the soft body unprotected.

In broad daylight, under a warm autumn sun, the woolly bear is fairly safe from enemies. And with chilly nights, it develops an urge to travel. Off it goes, away from the weeds upon which it has been feeding. Down the path. Across the highway. Motorists and pedestrians may smile to see the caterpillar humping itself along. Eventually it arrives under the trees and finds a protected spot in which to spend the cold months.

Woolly bears show individuality. Some are entirely reddish brown, others are black just at the front end. Most, however, are colored in a central band and are black both fore and aft. Even then, the width of the reddish zone is variable enough to provide the basis for a popular belief. Broad colored bands on woolly bears in autumn, according to the proponents, presage a mild winter; narrow bands forecast a cold one.

Whatever the winter, the woolly bear is ready to spend it in dormancy, curled below fallen leaves or under a board. Next spring will be time enough to return to the dozen or more favorite weeds: the plantain, the grasses, the wild clovers. And although the caterpillar will sleep in its fur coat, it will emerge unmussed, immaculately groomed, every shining bristle just the right length as though freshly barbered.

Most insects keep themselves spic and span. Some spend hours daily in combing and cleaning themselves. One of these, a praying mantis now four inches long, grew to maturity in the same part of the field as the woolly bear. And although she has fine wings, she never left home. Like the caterpillar, she spent the chilly hours of darkness well down in a clump of leaves. Only after the sun warmed her thoroughly did she clamber up a goldenrod. Her first response to the dawn was merely a change in her eyes, from chocolate brown (the nighttime color) to pastel green like the rest of her body.

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While the woolly bear trudged along the cowpath, she rested motionless atop the faded yellow flowers.

In the sunshine the mantis clings by her four long, slender legs to the gently waving head of goldenrod. Her front legs—the strongly muscular pair—she holds in a prayerful posture just below her mouth. Whenever a fly or a wasp buzzes close to her perch, she twists her flexible neck to keep the flier straight in front of her triangular face. In this position she can observe it with both of her big compound eyes. She can decide when to snatch for her dinner, or whether to move at all.

A white butterfly flits into view and alights on a purple aster several inches away. The mantis is all attention. Her forelegs quiver slightly, as though with excitement. They are folded tightly and almost conceal the rows of spiny teeth that are so essential a part of her prey-snatching equipment.

The butterfly flips its wings. It is airborne, as lightly as a thistledown. Seemingly without effort it drifts toward the mantis and hovers over the goldenrod where she waits. Like a flash the two front legs unfold to full length. The mantis leaps toward the cabbage butterfly. Quickly she has her victim, hugging it securely in the crook of the two refolded forelegs. So firm is her spine-studded grip that the butterfly can make no move except a feeble nodding of its head. This, too, the mantis sees and stops.

Five minutes later, the butterfly's body has been consumed. Its wings drift like petals to the ground below. Then the mantis begins to clean herself. With extraordinary flexibility she contorts her forelegs and her neck to bring her mouth against every surface, licking it clean as a cat might do. Repeatedly she passes the small foot at the end of each leg through her jaws and chews it slightly. Next she turns and gives similar attention to her long middle and hind legs, working from the base of each to its tip, polishing off even the few grains of pollen that clung as a result of her sudden leap. Finally she reaches up a foreleg and draws a thread-thin feeler into her mouth, burnishing away particles invisibly small even to human eyes.

Whether the mantis lets her attention wander while cleaning her feelers is a question no one has settled. Certainly absent-

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mindedness is the only explanation that appeals to most human observers when they notice that each day her feelers are shorter. Today the right one may be briefer. Tomorrow the left may be still more deficient. Long before the mantis reaches the end of the feeler she is cleaning, she may suddenly clamp her jaws together and nip it through. If the autumn is mild and she survives week after week with no killing frost to end her daily bath, those feelers may become unmanageably stubby. No longer will they reach her mouth, although she may spend ten minutes at a time attempting to claw down the brief remnants.

After every meal, and often between times, the mantis cleans herself. Otherwise she moves only seldom, and then so slowly that few potential victims take warning. But today instinct tells her something different. In response to the internal pressure of eggs ready to be laid, she hops, flies and crawls to a bush. There she clings, head downward, and begins to work the tip of her body. The valves of her egg-laying mechanism rub together. Between them a brown liquid appears, with air bubbles pressed into it to form a meringue. While continuing to build the sand-colored froth, the mantis applies it to the branch and shapes it as it dries. Then, into the growing mass of sticky foam, she slides cigar-shaped eggs. With machinelike precision she stacks one against the next and covers them with meringue. Never does she glance to see what is going on. This is the third in a series of egg masses she has built. The first one was formed just as perfectly. Each provides winter protection from sun and hungry birds for a hundred or so developing eggs.

Each autumn day, and through the nights of Indian summer, neighboring insects are placing their eggs for winter. Usually the leaves hide their activities. Meanwhile their vociferous mates—crickets, katydids and grasshoppers—form the season's symphony orchestra. Their songs ring through the fall air, each following his own tune. Jean Henri Fabre described the music as the insects' method "of expressing the joy of living, the universal joy which every animal species celebrates after its kind."

On the ground below the mantis, where sunshine warms a patch of soil two inches square, a fat-bodied black cricket is displaying. He turns to face one way, then another, all the while hold-

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ing his wings in the "singing" position. With remarkable regularity he produces loud chirrups, 160 of them per minute. His body temperature is a comfortable 80°. At 10° lower, he would chirp 120 times a minute. Count the calls in 15 seconds, add 40 and you have the temperature! Or, if you are blessed with absolute pitch, the insect's warmth can be estimated according to another scale. At 70° he calls in F sharp below middle C. At 86° the cricket's excitement rises to middle C itself. This is the true measure of the phrase "as merry as a grig."

Right wing over left is the cricket system. This places a row of pegs on one wing against a scraper on the other. With each twitch of the wings the scraper runs along the pegs. The wings themselves serve as a sounding board. One twitch, one chirp. And all the while the cricket listens for the calls of a competitor, using the equivalent of ears set in the part of his forelegs that lies just below the knee.

On a milkweed stalk nearby, a slender meadow grasshopper is calling after the manner of katydids, with left wing over right. Zip-zip-zip—buzz-zz-zz; zip-zip-zip—buzz-zz-zz. His green body shifts around the stem, while his wings quiver to produce the sound. Constantly his feelers explore the air in all directions. They are even longer than those of the black cricket, yet the two insects hear with ears in a similar location.

The meadow grasshopper, like the cricket, is noisily staking out his territory, warning any other of his kind to expect a battle as the price of trespass. At the same time these insects are enticing any female to visit them. This is the dual meaning of the songs that fill an autumn field.

A chipmunk runs along the stone wall, dodging expertly among the tangle of woodbine. Suddenly it voices a series of sharp calls, the "chipping" for which the animal is named. Instantly the crickets and grasshoppers are silent. Instinctively they attend to the sound of an enemy in their vicinity, for chipmunks vary their diet of seeds and berries with an occasional meaty insect. Yet the same musicians pay no heed to the whistle of the groundhog standing alertly in the doorway to his underground apartment.

The groundhog is fat. His coat is sleek and ripples as he moves.

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He has put on three and a half pounds since spring, and he now weighs ten. This is his winter store of food. He will not even have to reach for it while he hibernates, snug and dry, deep in his burrow. All summer he has been eating well, risking the larger hawks and eagles of day, the big owls of night, to forage on a variety of plants. Occasionally he has been quick enough to catch an unwary mouse and add meat to his diet. Now even the autumn fruits seem superfluous. He is ready for a long sleep. But he cannot resist another look around, even if what he sees alarms him into an occasional whistle.

The chipmunk's fat is hidden under her mattress. Through the summer the little squirrel has been enlarging her subterranean rooms and passageways, particularly the bedroom. Now her sleeping quarters are a foot across and as much in height. The bed of fine twigs, however, is pressed against the roof with barely enough space for its owner. Hard seeds that will keep well have been slid under the matting until the combined pantry and dormitory is full. To attain her sleeping site the chipmunk has to scramble. Yet so strong is her urge to hoard that she comes home on trip after trip with her cheek pouches loaded and bulging as though she had the mumps. Now the food must be packed away in spare rooms.

The groundhog's whistle alerts the chipmunk where she sits on her diminutive haunches atop the stone wall. She raises up her three-ounce body and peers about. In her handlike forepaws she holds the remains of a locust that carelessly alighted too close. Today she has carried underground nearly an ounce of firm seeds, including a few from the succulent blue fruits of the woodbine. In spite of her feeding, she has gained no appreciable weight during the growing season. Her active body is lithe and muscular, and her hibernation will be light enough that she can feed repeatedly on her provisions while winter comes and goes. Another frost is all she needs to send her scurrying off to bed, not to emerge again until spring.

For each creature, autumn has a special meaning. To many it is harvest time. The squirrels, the deer and the wild turkeys enjoy the drop of acorns and beechnuts—known collectively to the colonists as "the mast." To ducks and geese, insectivorous birds, and

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those whose favorite seeds will be covered by snow, it is time to move southward. Each of these responses seems sensible to man, although he has come to realize how little thought any of the lesser creatures gives to the daily events or seasonal changes about him. Mankind may be unique in gaining emotional satisfactions from the kaleidoscope of reds and golds, of browns and greens, as a hillside of hardwoods sets itself off from a background of the changeless evergreens.

In a way, the rest of the living world shows confidence in another spring. The woolly bear, lying inert below a blanket of leaves, depends on weed leaves next spring to complete its growth. The mantis eggs wait on the branch. The acorns the squirrels planted are all ready to sprout. Even for the trees, autumn is clearly part of an endless cycle. Long before their foliage dries and floats earthward on an October breeze, the leaves and flowers for next year are all wrapped tightly in winter buds. If man's lively mind needs reassurance at this time of year, he can find it on every hand by walking appreciatively through the fields of home.

Cognizance of all we know
with all we know we miss,
the combination, bliss.

ALICE VAN HISE

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A Vivacious Blonde Was Fatally Shot Today

or

How to Read a Tabloid

OTTO FRIEDRICH

THERE IS A JOKE AMONG NEWSPAPERMEN that if a woman is pretty, she is called "beautiful"; if she is plain, she is called "attractive"; and if she is hideous, she is called "vivacious." Half the joke is the exaggeration; the other half is that this is no exaggeration at all. In describing a woman involved in a murder or a robbery or a divorce case, the same technique is generally applied to every aspect of her appearance. If she is tall, she is "statuesque." If she is short, the word is "petite." Thin women are "slender," while fat ones are "curvaceous." Physical appearance is not so important in a man, and the emphasis shifts to financial appearance. "Socially prominent" is a popular description of any man who is murdered by his wife. Bookies and gigolos may be identified as "sportsmen." And one connoisseur has defined "socialite" as "a tabloid term meaning human being."

This form of wordmanship—the art of exaggerating without actually lying—is so common in tabloid newspapers that it may be termed tabloid prose, but it is by no means restricted to tabloids. Indeed, most newspapers and most wire services use it much of the time. Tabloid prose is not merely a corruption of the English language, however. Literary critics tell us that form cannot be disas-

✪ OTTO FRIEDRICH worked for several years on the staff of a New York newspaper and is now a magazine editor. He is at present completing a book that considers pessimism and the concept of evil in American literature, *The Dark Tradition*, from which a chapter on Ernest Hemingway was published in the Autumn, 1957, issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

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sociated from content, and since many writers of tabloid prose are intelligent and cultivated people, the reason for the use of a word such as "curvaceous" may be found in the mentality of the person for whom it is written. More accurately, the reason lies in the editor's concept of the mentality of the person who can be enticed by such words into surrendering his five or ten cents.

Despite all its pretenses of representing the public, the average newspaper is simply a business enterprise that sells news and uses that lure to sell advertising space. It is scarcely different from enterprises selling shoes or grass seed. Like any other business, a newspaper obeys the law of supply and demand, and most newspapers have discovered that a sex murder attracts more readers than does a French cabinet crisis. Murder, however, is a fairly commonplace event—one a day is the average in New York alone—and the tabloid editor therefore makes distinctions between what are known as "classy cases" and "cheap cases."

It is commonly believed that a reader's interest is attracted by a case with which he can identify himself—there but for the grace of God, et cetera. But if the average tabloid reader were murdered, his misfortune would not receive much coverage in the average tabloid. He would be a "cheap case." Essentially, a cheap case involves what tabloid editors consider to be cheap people. This includes all working-class people, such as factory hands, waitresses and the unemployed. It also includes farmers, usually brushed aside as "hillbilly stuff." Alcoholics, whose antics are sometimes extremely entertaining, come under the same ban. So do Negroes, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans and other "lesser breeds without the law." This causes some difficulties for the wire services since the current fashion is to delete any references to a criminal's race as "irrelevant." Thus an editor who might begin by showing great interest in a murder would cut the story down to a few paragraphs after learning that it involved a "Jig," but he would not publicly divulge the dread word that motivated his editing—and, of course, his editorial columns would continue to clamor for civil rights.

There is another subdivision of the cheap case that the editor generally describes as "too gruesome." Onto his spike go the stories, more common than the average newspaper reader realizes, of chil-

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dren being raped or chopped to pieces, stories of burglars torturing their victims to make them reveal their cache. Both cheap and gruesome, in the minds of most editors, is the subject of homosexuality. A traveling salesman strangled by a boy he brought up to his room at the Y.M.C.A. would never deserve one-tenth the tabloid attention that he would attain if his assassin had been a girl.

Sadism, sodomy, tortures, drunken stabbings, certain adulteries—these things happen every day, but in a kind of nether world that lies beneath what the tabloids like to consider their dignity. In contrast to all this, there is the "classy case." What gives a murder "class"? Rich men, beautiful women, yachts, racing stables—everything, in short, that forms part of the dreamworld of the gum-chewing tabloid reader. For the secret of the whole tabloid formula is that the "classy" murder case is not one with which the reader *can* identify himself but one with which he *would like* to identify himself. The New York *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* provide society pages for social climbers to read; the tabloids provide society columns for day-dreaming shopgirls. The concept of class, in other words, represents the Hollywood-fed, all-American fantasy, and yet the "news" about this dreamworld is always at least implicitly disastrous. The stockbroker is discovered in his "love nest"; the heiress is a "love slave"; the playboy is sued for "heart balm." Thus the lower orders, in buying the news about the upper ones, are given satisfying accounts of their objects of envy committing depravities and defalcations, of their imminent descent to the readers' own level. Although reader-criminal identification may seem farfetched here, one can assume that the tabloid reader would like to be in a position to *have* a "love nest," even if it meant eventually being "exposed."

Once in a decade there is a case like the shooting of Jim Fisk or the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby, a case in which all the rules of the tabloid form fit into place and a famous story virtually writes itself. But the tabloids are printed every day, and every day the readers are hungry for a new taste of high-class sensations. That is why the homely waitress strangled on the beach becomes a "shapely blonde" (the favored term "blonde" can apply to almost any color of hair, although obviously unblonde women are often

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exoticized by terms such as "flame-haired" or "raven-tressed"). This is why the seedy sawbones who pinches his patients becomes a "distinguished physician" living in "a luxurious home in the fashionable suburb of Blank." Indeed, tabloid prose often reads like the same newspaper's real estate section for the simple reason that both the tabloid writer and the advertising writer are trying to make the shabby reality conform to the fantasy. Homes, in both cases, if not luxurious, are then spacious. Suburbs are always fashionable.

And houses are always "homes," for all the idealizing forces behind the tabloid writer require him to use the genteel euphemism in every case where the unidiomatic word will provide "class." Thus sons become heirs or scions. Doctors become physicians, carpenters become contracting executives, and even the lowest of the species may be "socially prominent."

The tabloid distortions represent so ubiquitous a fantasy that the tabloid writer occasionally discovers one of his subjects really acting out the transformation of human being into socialite. A few years ago, a New York millionaire was shot to death by his wife, and the tabloids set up a hue and cry for every detail of the story. One of the gaps was the background of the wife, who had been generally thought to be the orphaned daughter of a colonel. It took a tabloid reporter a considerable amount of time to determine that the colonel had never existed, and that the actual father was still very much alive as a streetcar motorman in Detroit. When the father was finally interviewed about his daughter's misfortunes, he expressed surprise that she had married a New York millionaire. He remembered that she had changed her name to become a model, but for many years he had been under the impression that his daughter was a well-known Hollywood actress with a similar *nom de guerre*. Here is a tabloid creation in the flesh.

Sex, as is well known, combines with crime to provide the tabloids with their huge circulations. But sex is as strangely distorted as crime, as strangely twisted to fit the American fantasies. The same bans apply—drunks, Negroes, workers, homosexuals, all these have no sex life of any news value. And yet the lowest "starlet" in Hollywood has her casual affairs broadcast to millions under such wonderful disguises as "friends wonder if so-and-so is secretly mar-

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ried to so-and-so." Disguise is the essence of sex chronicles, for although sex sells newspapers, even the most lurid tabloid schizophrenically considers itself a "family newspaper." Although it may seem strange to a casual reader, the tabloid editor's desire to stimulate sales is handcuffed by a criterion known as "good taste." This criterion is so mysterious, so much a matter of "feel," that it can best be illustrated by an example.

An enterprising young lady once tried to achieve fame by going to a Cannes film festival, accosting a popular actor, stripping off all her clothes above the waist, and embracing the rather embarrassed actor while photographers frantically took pictures that could never be printed. From reporters' accounts of the scene, the girl achieved a certain small notoriety, enough to get her to Hollywood, where her misfortunes were usually reported as an excuse to run pictures of her. One day, this aspiring actress—or could it have been some other specimen of the familiar type?—appeared in a two-column picture, wearing a tiny crucifix that dangled down into a resting place between her luxurious breasts. The editor, who had been out of the office when the picture was first printed, returned to his desk and cried out in horror. At considerable expense, the picture was treated with an airbrush, which sprayed flesh-colored paint over the crucifix, so that a new engraving of the voluptuous bosom could be portrayed in the next edition without violating "good taste."

Perhaps one more incident would illustrate this strange concept further. A few years ago, a teen-age youth in a suburb of Boston murdered a girl with whom he had just had sexual intercourse on the front seat of an automobile. When the youth confessed to the police, he proudly repeated over and over the details of how he had become a man in the parked car, and the words he used to express that experience were: "Then I scored and then I scored again, that's where I scored." The childish boast embarrassed the same editors who normally want to emphasize every implication of sex, and when the story was finally printed the youth was quoted as saying that "intimacies had occurred" in the spotted front seat of the car.

Intimacies. This is the tabloid word for sex. It turns up over and over again. If any ingenuous tabloid writer tries to use a word

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like "sex," on the theory that an accurate term is always in better taste than a euphemism, the more experienced copy desk will change it to "intimacies." The reason for this involves the same fantasies that dominate Hollywood: Miss Blank, who has had three husbands, is cast as an ingénue stranded overnight on a mountain top with Mr. Blank, who has had three wives. There is much giggling as they pitch their separate tents, but at the end they will get married. The movie will be advertised with twenty-foot-high posters of Miss Blank lying panting on the mountain top in her chemise while Mr. Blank crouches nearby in the attitude of a neurotic gorilla. The movie-goer knows that he will not be actually shown anything that could offend the local archbishop, but he will be allowed his snicker. The snicker, the leer, that nervous substitute for the thwarted need, is the American emotional response to the so-called "popular culture."

Although the tabloids and the movies provide much the same outlet for the need to snicker, the tabloids push the whole process one step further than is possible in the movies. With an almost baroque stylization, the tabloids would take Mr. Blank and Miss Blank to the mountain top, and then, instead of fading out like a discreet movie camera, they would quote Miss Blank as saying that "intimacies occurred." Nor is that the only dainty disguise. Mr. Blank may also be said to have been "dallying" with Miss Blank, or maybe he was "romancing" her. He is her "sweetheart." No, says she, they are "just good friends," and everybody gets a good healthy snicker out of it.

Curiously enough, the chief trouble for the tabloid writer occurs in supposed sex cases where no sex has been enjoyed, as far as can be determined. The problem arises, for instance, in the periodic story of the "nice" teen-age girl running off with a boy. The tabloid editors enjoy a vicarious thrill at the prospect of a young girl's availability, but the writer finds that everything he can say about the errant couple has already been tinged with the implications of past cases. Were they just "close friends"? Were they "intimate friends"? Had there been, all virginally, a "romance"? Every word revives echoes of the old euphemisms and the

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old snickers. Denials are accepted as lies. The English language has been wrung out.

Are the tabloids hopeless? Perhaps, but not on the grounds of sensationalism. Having already become rich, they hunger nowadays after finer things, such as respectability and political influence. In New York, where the *Times* fills its half-size brothers with awe, the tabloids feel compelled to tell their uninterested readers about such portentous events as a Senate debate on farm parity, largely because the *Times* has or inevitably will do so. It is almost with shock that today's tabloid writer, looking back through clippings on the Lindbergh case, finds Damon Runyan reporting the execution of Bruno Hauptmann in terms of near-hysteria: "The Wolfman is dead." What amazement he feels, then, in looking at the old *Graphic*'s faked pictures of Peaches Browning in the bedroom with her aged husband, at the balloon that issues from Daddy's mouth and quotes him as quacking like a duck. To find such authentic trashiness now, one must leave America and take a look at the London *Mirror*, which is comparatively entertaining and consequently sells twice as many copies as its biggest New York counterpart. Although American tabloid circulations are in or near the millions, their sales are actually stagnant or declining, despite the increase in population. That is natural, however, when the popular touch has become the genteelism, when irreverence has given way to reverence, stuffiness, even pomposity.

One tabloid's saucy story about the preparations of a European princeling's long-anticipated marriage to a celebrated beauty was killed on the strength of a new managerial directive that the wedding had been handled too impertinently and was henceforth to be treated "with dignity." And so for one solid week, it printed fifteen "romantic" but "dignified" manuscript pages per day on one of the most laughable events of our time. The stories were laughable too, precisely because they accepted their subjects' social pretensions at face value. I wrote them myself.

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Night Music for Old Men

SAMUEL DAVIS

The eye closes to the horns of sleep
And brings the body to the banks
Where lovers used to lie.
Here once was our land of the heady moon
And here we loved and listened to the wind
Of the pounding bones, nor saw the leaves
Grow old in the violent light,
Nor heard the grieving sun fall into night.

Now listen to the songs of our sleeping girls
Whose lovers long ago have fled their autumn arms
And fled the feet that followed
Down the ruins of the summer hill.
And listen to the songs of the ancient men
Who danced as far as snow their raging dreams
And mocked the lilies in the spring
And mourn in sleep the eagle's wing.

For now desire has gone,
And there are only angels in this bitter blood
Who cry, in our long going, the fiercest songs
And weep us down the rivers of a covered eye.
Here no more the hands may linger, nor the girls give joy,
And all the air is heavy now with feathered griefs,
As we are thrown with angels to that forgotten sea
Or bound in burning bands by the roots of the holy tree.

✪ This is the first published work of SAMUEL DAVIS, who writes of himself: "I was a violin student at Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore, studied acting in New York at the Neighborhood Playhouse, and was a pupil at Martha Graham's studio—all of which culminated somehow in three wonderful years at a Trappist monastery in Georgia. Now I am working as an editor in New York and writing nightly."

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So. . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Dear Mr. Krutch:

I don't especially *mind* your saying so, but I have been amazed to the point of incredulity by the opinions you don't mind expressing. By now I can predict most of them, but you really did surprise me again by stating more than a year ago that there are *some* aspects of America and the twentieth century of which you do not disapprove. Have you ever mentioned any of them? If in the second half of some installment you have done so, please forgive me for not having got that far. If you have not, would you mind satisfying my curiosity by naming one or two?

Inconstant Reader

* * *

Dear Inconstant Reader:

I could easily name a score—most of them things of which nearly everybody approves, including all the convenient gadgets I think we pay too high a price for, but which are good enough in themselves, and for which I would still have to pay a large part of the price even if I refused to get out of them the good I do get.

I am inclined, for instance, to believe that in the long run the human race would be better off if the airplane had never been invented. But this conviction did not prevent me from vastly enjoying four recent jaunts to the tip of Baja California in the private plane of a wealthy friend. The isolated eight-hundred-mile peninsula is one of the most beautiful of the unspoiled areas left in the world. In all likelihood the airplane will destroy it in time, but I do not feel guilty for having got a look while it is still there, because the unspoiled forests, deserts and mountains of our continent are high on my list of the things I approve.

It is true that we are "developing" and "improving" them out of existence at a pretty rapid rate. We are also threatening with extinction many of the most interesting and most beautiful of the plants, animals and birds, which visibly grow scarcer from year to year in regions like southern Arizona, where Progress is breathless. If much still remains it is not because most people put any value on it. Not many miles from where I live, an ugly road for which no obvious need exists has just been slashed through the finest forest of the giant saguaro cactus anywhere in the world. "Why does not the village bell sound a knell? . . . The squirrel has leaped to another tree; the hawk has circled further off, and has now settled upon a new eyrie; but the woodsman is preparing to lay his ax at the root of that also." Since Thoreau's time the developer and the exploiter have moved through regions remoter from him than Africa is for us.

Still, there was a lot of the American continent to be violated, and by comparison with England (where naturalists are now concerned over the disappearance of butterflies!) or with the continent of Europe, we are so unimaginably rich that we find almost comic the fuss the few Europeans who care about such things make over the poor remnants of their tame wildernesses and the poor little flora and fauna that survive in them. What Thoreau called "the entire poem" of earth is less drastically

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mutilated in this country than there, and when I consider that fact I echo him again when he says that he had the luck to be born at the most favored spot on earth "and just in the nick of time too."

I also applaud both the attitude and the matchless clarity of expression in Gertrude Stein's pronouncement: "In the United States there is more space where nobody is than where anybody is."

Since nature lovers are a minority, the statistical probability is, dear Inconstant Reader, that you are not one, and so I am glad to be able to say that there are also aspects of the American character and of American society, as well as of the American land, of which I do approve. Thinking back I remember that I actually mentioned one of them (a year or two ago) when I said I thought twentieth-century Americans the kindliest, most well-meaning race that ever existed. Although I did go on to complain that well-meaning people can sometimes be also too easygoing and that our good intentions are not always enough to produce good effects, the fact still remains that to be well-meaning is in itself a good deal. It has, moreover, much to do with the fact that I, personally, have little to complain of so far as my treatment by twentieth-century American civilization goes.

Like a great many readers of the SCHOLAR, I am a member of a dissident minority. My opinions, my tastes and my preoccupations would seem foolish or perverse to the majority if ever it took the trouble to inquire what they are. I grow no crops, I produce no goods, I have done nothing to increase our prosperity. Even as an entertainer I have never attracted an audience large enough to count in a society where the majority is supposed to rule. Judge as the majority judges, and I am a parasite who has never done anything for the society that has supported me. Yet it has permitted me to live comfortably, at least by my own modest standards—far more comfortably than those similarly misfitted into most other societies of the past or present.

Few of my fellow citizens have spent so large a proportion of their time doing things they chose to do for their own sakes, as well as in order to make a living; and if the financial rewards have not been great as financial rewards are now measured, I have enjoyed a standard of living high enough for me and a margin of leisure around my life far wider than that enjoyed by most of those who earn large incomes. In fact I have never ceased to be amazed at what society has permitted me to get away with. Why has it not taken me by the scruff of the neck and said, "Root hog or die"?

Part of the answer is, I suppose, just that kindliness I have already mentioned, and part is the fact that in our famous economy of abundance the crumbs that fall from the overloaded table are not noticed. No one much minds contributing to the support of a few parasites. Four out of five of the people with whom I came in contact while I was going about my business in New York (or when I go about it now in Tucson) put little, if any, value on the things to which I have devoted my life. Yet few, if any, seem to resent my devoting myself to them. The second Samuel Butler observed that Englishmen contributed to the support of the Vicar because they felt that they were hiring someone to be good for them "vicariously." Many of the men of affairs I meet seem to take much the same attitude toward me. They have no time for literature, philosophy or the appreciation of nature, and they are glad to have someone else look after these things for them. But most, I think, are just easygoing.

This aspect of twentieth-century America that has proved so helpful to me is, naturally, one of which I approve; and I approve also of something which I take to be a political consequence of the easygoing temperament—namely, what I suppose

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should be called the "pluralism" embodied in our laws and institutions. I know that many thoughtful people call it "inconsistency" or even "a flagrant illustration of the inner contradictions of capitalism." We cannot, they say, seem to be able to make up our minds whether we believe in free enterprise or a planned economy. We profess to put our faith in majority rule, yet we tolerate a constitution and a supreme court that can frustrate it. If we believe that democratic education is a function of the state, why then, they ask, should we permit the affluent to send their children to private schools and even allow them to contribute to such schools the tax money that might be used by the democratic state to support state schools? And yet, looking back upon my own life, I cannot but conclude that the inner contradictions of capitalism had a good deal to do with making that life possible.

Into the cracks and crannies of a rather ramshackle social structure, people like us (if the reader does not mind my use of the plural) manage to find refuge. I don't think our society exactly *wants* to give the maverick a chance, but as long as that society remains illogical it tends to do so. Life would certainly have been harder for me in Russia, or, I suspect, in any purely laissez-faire society. A muddle presents opportunities of its own. Fulbright awards are fine, but there is always the possibility that the fellow who doesn't quite fit the Fulbright pattern may get a Guggenheim instead, and the artist or scholar has good reason to be glad that the government does not control all the plums.

Dare I add that I am radical enough to say right out that I approve of capitalism—at least of the mixed and muddled sort we now have in the United States? I know that in this very place I have complained about the way we have of asking first "what industry needs" instead of what men need, and I know how fond anticapitalists are of saying that this is the inevitable consequence of "production for profit." But the only large-scale example of a thoroughly planned society is Russia, and it does not appear that Russia puts a higher value on human needs and a lower value on the needs of industry than we do. From this I conclude that whatever the cause of the perversity may be, it is certainly not capitalism as a system. And I don't see how, without capital as a factor, we can maintain the pluralism of which I do so thoroughly approve.

Many seem to believe that democracy is the antithesis of totalitarianism and a sufficient protection against it. But neither the words "democratic" and "totalitarian" nor the realities to which they correspond are actually antithetical. Totalitarian means a government so unified, centralized, concentrated and consistent that there can be no conflict of powers or principles, no possibility that individual citizens or such different components of the social structure as school, church, industry, et cetera, can pursue different goals or be governed by different ideals. Hence the opposite of totalitarian is not democratic but pluralistic; and a democracy may, in theory at least, be either the one or the other.

Pluralism implies, for example, that there should be Guggenheim grants as well as Fulbrights; that state schools should offer one kind of education, and privately endowed schools a very different one if they like; that one independent enterprise (profit-making or nonprofit) offers soap operas on the air while another offers symphony concerts. At its logical extreme a totalitarian but completely democratic state would discover which the greater number of its citizens wanted, tax everybody to support it and then offer it free as a social service.

Insofar as we drift in the direction of that logical extreme, just to that extent do

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we approach a cultural totalitarianism. At the present moment there are, for example, tax-supported golf courses for which everyone must pay, thus leaving the nongolfers that much less with which to buy tickets to the symphony that is not so commonly tax-supported because the majority does not want it. On the other hand, New York's famous stadium concerts must be put down as illustrating if not the evils, then at least "the inner contradictions," of capitalism. They are possible because those who supported them with gifts were not, like the legislatures, compelled to ask themselves whether or not a majority would prefer another golf course. Nor do I see how pluralism could long continue to exist if money in private hands did not make possible the financing of enterprises in which the majority is not interested. I suspect that a society in which private wealth is abolished is bound to become either dictatorially or democratically totalitarian, whether or not it makes some attempt to recognize "minority rights."

You have, dear Inconstant Reader, forced me to make public a confession almost as dangerous in some quarters as Communistic notions are in others. I approve of American capitalism—or rather, since that is much too strong, I take it to be the least of half a dozen evils. Unlike certain of its present-day defenders, I do not see it as both an adequate answer to all problems and in itself a thing of matchless beauty. I say of American capitalism only what Churchill is reported to have said of democracy, "the very worst system—except for all the others."

To your complaint, dear Inconstant Reader, that I have previously said too little about the things of which I approve, I have, then, two answers. One is what I have just been saying. The other is that so many of the tendencies I have felt impelled to comment upon seem to me to be making the world less and less to my taste, even though I like it fairly well right now. If we continue to grow and to prosper it seems pretty certain that the natural beauty of our country will be more and more rapidly diminished. Although a few may believe with Aldo Leopold that "the opportunity to see geese is more important than television and the chance to find a pasqueflower is a right as inalienable as free speech," the majority that rules does not. Moreover, I am by no means sure that the present tolerable muddle called "a mixed economy" is not destined to be considerably clarified before long. I suspect that even now young men looking for a crack or a cranny are finding it harder to discover one than it was in my time. As of this moment I have no nostalgia for the good old days, but should I live—as one of my uncles did—to be ninety-nine, I may by then be regretting the good old days of the nineteen fifties.

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CONtroversy

Shakspere Was Shakespeare

WILLIAM T. HASTINGS

There is for most of us a remote and academic character in the debates on whether the Homeric poems were by Homer or by six poets or by a woman, whether *Beowulf* sprang full-panoplied from the brainpan of the folk, whether the vision of William concerning Piers Plowman was recorded by one Langland or by five successive redactors. But we take Shakespeare for granted until suddenly shocked by the discovery of disbelief near at hand. Reacting from shock, as a scholar should, by checking bibliographies at the library, one becomes aware of the steady stream of anti-Stratfordian monographs and books.

The anti-Stratfordian is annoyed or enraged by the smugness of us Shakespearians. Typically smug was Dr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum's remark to me: "I never bother about Bacon or Oxford stuff because the proponents of those theories are either insane or unmitigated liars." Somewhat to the same effect Sir Edmund Chambers observed: "Small minds are caught by, and fail to comprehend [Shakespeare's] greatness and . . . variability. . . . With these paradoxes I do not propose to concern myself. Doubtless they should be refuted, that the people be not deceived, but the task must be left to someone with a better temper for the patient anatomizing of human follies."

There is nevertheless some danger that the people will be "deceived"; for the preachers of heresy are assiduous, and the worthlessness of what they write cannot be fully understood unless one has a knowledge of Elizabethan conditions and of the ascertained facts regarding Shakespeare, and has also trained oneself to a relentless logical analysis of theories and the evidence on which they rest. The Baconian variety of the heresy has been dealt with effectively many times; replies to the other and more recent fantasies are to be found chiefly in scattered articles and reviews. They are all in some degree incomplete; and sometimes, by assumptions based on insufficient evidence, they expose themselves to the same charge of fallacy as the utterances which they oppose. It seems worth while, therefore, to attempt a general view of the whole controversy, with a small amount of analytical detail.

© WILLIAM T. HASTINGS, professor of English emeritus at Brown University, is the author of books and articles on English literature. He has been a member of the advisory board of the *Shakespeare Quarterly*.

The Case Against Shakespeare

> It is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

"Orthodox commentators are perpetually on the horns of a dilemma," declares the author of *Exit Shakespeare*, B. G. Theobald. With the positing of this dilemma all the anti-Stratfordians, whatever their particular allegiance, invariably begin. They commit here a fundamental fallacy based on ignorance, which has been exposed again and again; but as their whole case rests upon it, we must listen to them and make brief reply.

The first horn of the alleged dilemma is the concept of the vulgarian from the Avon. This horn has, so to speak, four prongs.

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Prong 1: The man of Stratford, it is charged, was an ignorant and illiterate actor, an "unlettered peasant," an "ignorant boor," who apparently received only one letter in his lifetime and was even uncertain about the spelling of his own name.

Prong 2: He was a thrifty businessman, it is said, engaged in petty transactions. "The rustic William's biographies show him," says C. W. Barrell, "to have been first a butcher's apprentice and later in life a maltster, money-lender, and land-speculator." "Is it," asks Percy Allen, "a normally probable supposition that the author of *Love's Labor's Lost* and *Hamlet* was a maltster?"

What are the facts? No evidence has been or can be adduced for the "ignorant boor" formula. The butcher's apprentice story is mere legend and is, after all, irrelevant: Marlowe probably knew shoemaking, and Ben Jonson bricklaying; Charles Dickens worked in a shoeblacking factory; William Dean Howells was a printer's devil. I myself hoed barefoot in the cornfield and played "butcher's apprentice" to my father, a country doctor. The "maltster" charge is based on Shakespeare's having once shared in an attempt to profiteer by buying up malt and holding it for a rise in price in a bad season. He was a moneylender and land speculator in precisely the same way that all of us have been and perhaps unfortunately still are.

Prong 3: Virtually nothing, it is said, is known of his life: he was probably resident in London only ten years (1587-97); he left behind him no letters, no manuscripts, no library, and numerous phony portraits.

To this charge the general answer was given long ago. What is true of Shakespeare is more true of all other Elizabethan authors who were not in the public service. Our information about Shakespeare, as a matter of fact, is unusually extensive for the time. Where, one may ask, are the manuscripts, libraries and portraits of Marlowe, Kyd, Greene, Dekker and Heywood? As to the chronological details, we have London records of Shakespeare not only up to 1597 but in 1598, 1603, 1604, 1605, and perhaps 1612-13.

Prong 4: Can any good thing, it is asked, come out of Stratford? "The conditions which must have surrounded Shakespeare in his native village [were appalling]. . . . The agricultural classes . . . were densely ignorant, brutal in their manner, almost barbarous in their customs, and incredibly filthy in their habits." As to education, "much schooling was impossible, for the necessary books did not exist . . . scholars . . . drew nothing out of the County Grammar Schools."

To the attack on the educational opportunities available one may reply by referring to the recent studies of Louis Wright, Watson, and Plimpton. The latter's *Education of Shakespeare* gives in detail the quite respectable curricula of various schools. They prepared boys for the university by the age of thirteen or fourteen; Shakespeare was fourteen in 1578, about the time he is supposed (by some) to have left school to help his father. It must be remembered that Shakespeare's father held the important town offices of burgess, alderman and bailiff, that his mother came of a good county family, the Ardens, and that his daughter Susannah married a university man.

The second horn of the dilemma emphasizes (in contrast with the ignorant actor) the superior endowments of the author of the plays. The author, it is argued, was a learned and cultivated poet-dramatist, probably a member of the nobility.

I have already in part anticipated the reply to this conception. The argument that between 1584 (or 1585) and 1592 Shakespeare could not have completed his education, got acclimated to London ways, and developed his poetic vehicle to the point exhibited in *1 Henry VI* is purely arbitrary and has no factual basis; whereas there is factual support for the contrary assumption, as I shall presently show. Note, too, that Ben Jonson, the bricklayer's son, was not a university graduate but was a sufficiently learned man to condescend—like a university graduate—to Shakespeare in the matter of Latin and Greek. Thomas Dekker, Thomas Heywood and other Elizabethan dramatists who lacked the imprimatur of a university give a good imitation of

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breadth of knowledge. In the foreword to Barton's *Shakespeare and the Law*, James M. Beck reveals the fallacy behind this horn of the dilemma by showing that the works of Mark Twain, the great medievalist—who was, by the way, a violent Baconian—could not have been written by the uneducated boy from Hannibal, Missouri, the runaway, tramp printer, river pilot and mining prospector.

The theory that the author of the poems and the plays was a man of special learning has been developed in extravagant and mutually destructive claims. To one theorist he must have been a soldier because of his intimate knowledge of the methods and the jargon of war. Others label him variously a lawyer, sailor, astronomer, divine, printer, sportsman, gardener, physician, world traveler.

Close analysis shows, however, that Shakespeare's use of legal terms is often an inexact, layman's usage; that when precisely used, the terms are often derived from his sources, such as the old Chronicles; that other dramatists use legal terminology liberally, some much more than Shakespeare; that Shakespeare sometimes treats legal concepts and procedure as highhandedly as is now done in the movies, notably in the trial of Shylock. This method of analysis is valid for the other fields of Shakespeare's supposed expert knowledge and has been applied with similar results.

The difficulty of these literal-minded persons is, of course, that they have little understanding of the business of authorship. Particularly they have not understood the reality behind the remark of Shakespeare's first editors that his "mind and hand went together," that he possessed an unusual ability to assimilate, and to make easy and apt use of what he had picked up.

Having established, to their own satisfaction, this dilemma—that only a cultivated gentleman of high education could have written the plays and that Shakespeare, the actor of Stratford, was an ignorant vulgarian—the anti-Stratfordians discern between its horns, so to speak, the "Shakespearian mask"; namely, "Willm Shakspere" of Stratford is the mask behind which "William Shake-speare," the gentleman-nobleman-poet, Mr. X, conceals himself from the public gaze while engaged in the vulgar business of writing plays. The actor "Willm" (they ignorantly ascribe this spelling to his ignorance, and they love to spell his surname "Shaksper" or "Shaxpere" in contrast to the amplitude and, as they think, the symbolism of "Shake-speare") is supposed to have been a party, presumably at a price, to this most grandiose of all literary hoaxes. Evidence of the split of persons and personalities is, they believe, deducible from the rarity or absence of contemporary allusions to Shakespeare as specifically both actor and poet-dramatist or as man of Stratford and dramatist. So far as they admit that allusions to Shakespeare exist, they seek to discredit them.

The effort, to any unbiased judgment, is wholly ineffective except to reveal a perverted intelligence. How specious it can be is shown in Alden Brooks's *Will Shakspere and the Dyer's Hand*. Brooks attempts to discredit Ben Jonson's tribute in the First Folio of 1623 by arguing that each compliment is ironical; and he obligingly supplies the unspoken sarcasms between the lines; for instance,

> While I confess, thy writings to be such,
> As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much.
> (Yet the gaping auditors praised him too much.)

or

> When like Apollo he came forth to warm
> Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
> (Admirable again! An Apollo that made our ears warm
> with his jabber; a Mercury, god of thieves. . . .)

One might suggest that with equal plausibility this method could be applied to the Beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. (Aye, six feet of earth!)"

Usually, however, with total lack of candor they disregard the existence of such evidence, hoping thus to deceive the uninformed. Of these allusions I shall say something later on. They endeavor to discredit the Stratford monument, arguing that it is not the original. Some argue that the portrait of Shakespeare in the First Folio is an effigy, not a human countenance,

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in spite of its acceptance by his friend Ben Jonson. Others urge that it is the portrait of a nobleman, on the strength of the style of the doublet, although both Chambers and Sidney Lee find it the normal costume "of a well-placed man."

Here the anti-Stratfordians rest their case against Shakespeare.

The Case for X

Gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

It is a curious fact that almost without exception the advocates of Mr. X are amateurs. Not professional scholars, they sneer at the academic conservatives; the failure of scholars to take their arguments seriously is evidently bitter medicine to them. Among the early Baconians, you recall, were Miss Delia Bacon, an amiable lady whose obscurity of argument was the forerunner of actual insanity, and Ignatius Donnelly, the Minnesota lawyer with mathematical ciphers in his brain. Among the Oxfordians (and more later of their candidate) are J. Thomas Looney, a schoolmaster, Percy Allen, Mrs. Eva Turner Clark, Miss Carolyn Wells, Colonel B. R. Ward and his son Captain B. M. Ward of the British Army, and Charles W. Barrell, a member (in 1940) of the public relations staff of the Western Electric Company. I do wrong to pass over the British Navy, represented by Rear Admiral H. H. Holland, retired. The latest converts, whose party card is a portentous thirteen-hundred-page volume entitled *This Star of England*, are Charlton Ogburn, a lawyer, and his wife Dorothy.

Their state of mind seems fanatical, their method of reasoning for the most part quite fallacious. Of them all it may be said categorically that not one theory in support of any one candidate has a single shred of positive evidence behind it. All is pure hypothesis. Even opening Spenser's tomb in Westminster Abbey produced no results. That is why the Ashbourne portrait "discovery" by Mr. Barrell, with all the scientific apparatus of infrared light to distract attention from the logical inconsequence of the argument, was made so much of: at last they had something—they hoped.

The Baconian theory by now is rather moth-eaten. It was originally a guess, based on Bacon's being a prominent man, a man of learning and of letters. Fostered for sentimental reasons by Delia Bacon, others, including Donnelly, Mrs. Elizabeth Gallup and William Stone Booth, a well-to-do Bostonian, rallied round the flag. Bacon's claim was chiefly supported by the anagram, acrostic and cipher school of the later nineteenth century, by means of which signals, signatures and messages were unearthed in the First Folio. This pathetically laborious and futile technique was decisively discredited years ago in general terms by F. E. Pierce, and recently by the authoritative analysis of William F. and Elizebeth Friedman, professional cryptologists. Pierce showed that with the options and variations in reading which the Baconians allowed themselves, the results were in general keeping with the mathematical laws of probability and chance. The Friedmans conclude that the bilateral cipher of Mrs. Gallup is the only one which is "a valid system in itself" but "it was not used by her." "As for the others, not only were they not used; they were not usable, nor even credible." Turning their method against them, it has been demonstrated that Shakespeare wrote the Forty-sixth Psalm, that Theodore Roosevelt wrote the Gettysburg Address, and that Bacon was a collaborator in a textbook of freshman English and the Yale catalogue for 1909. It has been pointed out that this theory assumes erroneously that the order of plays in the First Folio and the typographical detail of that volume were controlled by the author. It should be obvious, too, that the form of the plays was determined by literary and dramatic considerations, not by the desire to transmit biographical or other messages to posterity.

Mr. Booth, for example, disregards both these important facts in finding a Baconian acrostic signal in the opening speech of *Troilus and Cressida*, helped by the large initial *C* which gives him two letters from the opening word:

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CALL here my Varlet, Ile Vnarme againe.
Why should I warre without the wals of Troy
That finde such cruell battell here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field, Troylus alas has none.

As if we can suppose Bacon arranging this speech as a cautel or warning to the reader to watch for a message below, rather than Shakespeare starting the war and the portrait of his lovesick hero in five terse and pungent lines addressed to the ears of an audience.

Sometimes the supposed message has been proved to be mistaken. Donnelly found (by wishful thinking or manipulation) a cipher account of Christopher Marlowe's death that conformed to the nineteenth-century tradition, instead of anticipating the facts recently unearthed by Leslie Hotson. The Friedmans point out that Mrs. Gallup's "whole case was based on subjective intuitions, on self-persuasion."

A more recent line is that taken by the excavators: the futile opening of Spenser's tomb; the projected excavation in the bed of the river Wye by a Detroit physician; the proposed excavations of Maria Bauer in the burial ground of Bruton Church, Williamsburg, Virginia, thwarted by the "unscientific" and prejudiced church authorities.

A general rejoinder, which should satisfy rational people, is that of Kittredge: that the mind which wrote the plays and the mind which composed the essays and scientific works of Francis Bacon are intellectually incommensurate. If Bacon wrote Shakespeare, then Shakespeare (or someone else) wrote the works of Bacon. This judgment is substantiated by Miss Caroline Spurgeon's analysis of the contrasting character of the imagery employed by Shakespeare and by Bacon.

The most popular candidate at present for the face beneath the mask is not Bacon but Edward de Vere, Seventeenth Earl of Oxford, who was first elaborately supported by Looney in 1920. His *Shakespeare Identified*, like the *Hidden Allusions* of his disciple, Mrs. Clark, is a masterpiece of errors of fact and false logic, as well as amazingly childish naïveté. It is impossible to deal here with either book in detail. I may point out that no connection between Oxford and Shakespeare has been established; that Oxford's extant poems belong mainly to the 1570's and that he died in 1604, while the well-established chronology of Shakespeare's works runs from about 1591 to 1613; that Oxford's temperament was "violent and perverse," while the mood of the plays is in general consonance with the traditional temperament of the "gentle Shakespeare"; that no plays under Oxford's name have survived which might enable us to estimate his quality as dramatist; and that the extant poems by him show hardly a glimmer of the beauty or power which we associate with Shakespeare, and none of the Shakespearian humor.

I will cite only one example—a typical one—of Looney's technique in buttressing the case for Oxford. He quotes Francis Meres as referring to Oxford as "the best in Comedy"—a statement repeated by Mrs. Clark and by Mr. Barrell. This is a clear case of misrepresentation. Meres was the author in 1598 of a trivial and pretentious commonplace book about the literature of the past and the present, *Palladis Tamia: Wit's Treasury*. It has unique importance to Shakespearians because it names most of the plays of Shakespeare then in existence and is therefore of considerable assistance in establishing the chronology of the plays; otherwise, it is mainly a rehash of former treatises. I quote the passage in Meres on which Looney bases his statement. Meres arranges each list in an order dictated not by merit but by social considerations: first nobility, then university scholars, then *hoi polloi*.

These are our best for Tragedie, the Lorde *Buckhurst*, Doctor *Leg* of Cambridge, Doctor *Edes* of Oxforde, maister *Edward Ferris*, the Author of the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, *Marlow*, *Peele*, *Watson*, *Kid*, *Shakespeare*, *Drayton*, *Chapman*, *Decker*, and *Beniamin Johnson*. . . .

The best for Comedy amongst us bee, *Edward* Earle of Oxforde, Doctor *Gager* of Oxforde, Maister *Rowley* once a rare Scholler of learned Pembrooke Hall in Cambridge, Maister *Edwardes* one of her Maiesties Chappell, eloquent and wittie *John Lilly*, *Lodge*, *Gascoyne*, *Greene*, *Shakespeare*, *Thomas Nash*, *Thomas Heywood*, *Anthony Mundye* our best plotter, *Chapman*, *Porter*, *Wilson*, *Hathway*, and *Henry Chettle*. . . .

These are the most passionate among us to be-

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waile and bemoane the perplexities of Loue, *Henrie Howard* Earle of Surrey, sir *Thomas Wyat* the elder, sir *Francis Brian*, sir *Philip Sidney*, sir *Walter Rawley*, sir *Edward Dyer*, *Spencer*, *Daniel*, *Drayton*, *Shakespeare*, *Whetstone*, *Gascoyne*, *Samuell Page* sometimes fellowe of *Corpus Christi* Colledge in Oxford, *Churchyard*, *Bretton*.

It will be noticed that not only is Looney guilty of *suppressio veri*—seventeen writers "best in comedy" are mentioned and he omits sixteen—but that the passage as a whole demonstrates the separate existence of Oxford and Shakespeare, and gives Oxford no standing whatever in the fields of tragedy or love poetry; yet his (or Shakespeare's) *Richard III*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece*, and the "sugred" sonnets were already famous, as contemporary allusions reveal.

Mr. Barrell must be dismissed in a paragraph. To his Ashbourne portrait article the essential reply has been made, that even if a portrait of Oxford had been painted over to look like Shakespeare, it proves nothing regarding the authorship of the plays. I would add that it proves mainly that a portrait of Shakespeare, even if spurious, was more esteemed than a portrait of Oxford, even if genuine. But since Mr. Barrell is supposed to have produced *evidence*, let us hear his statement. The Ashbourne portrait, under infrared rays, is shown to have been painted over to resemble Shakespeare. The underlying portrait—on the alleged evidence of pose, coloring, features, long fingers, the seal ring bearing the boar crest of the Vere family, with the coat of arms of Oxford's second wife in the upper corner—is that of Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford. Therefore Oxford was Shakespeare. In considering his case we should bear in mind that only two likenesses of Shakespeare have any authority, the Stratford bust and the title-page engraving in the First Folio. There are many others, some attractive, one or two of them dating from the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth century, and perhaps in the seventeenth, there was extensive faking and forgery, the most sensational of which were the operations of the precocious William Henry Ireland, who forged not only Shakespearian documents but a portrait of Shakespeare as Bassanio. That the Ashbourne portrait was a fake has been suggested by others before Mr. Barrell. M. H. Spielman, after noting some suspicious details—with no infrared rays to help him—remarks that there is a resemblance to the portrait of Prince Maurice of Orange-Nassau (not, you observe, to Oxford). The use of an old portrait as the base for a Shakespeare fake made deception easier, just as Ireland and others used old paper for their forgeries of documents. Some accept the identification with Oxford, I think quite unnecessarily. But I repeat: the identity of the subject of the original portrait is completely irrelevant. The only inference is that a portrait of Shakespeare was more valuable than a portrait of Oxford or whoever else it may have been. It was good business to paint them over into Shakespeares.

Since the Ogburns are the latest champions of Oxford, they require a moment's attention, although they have received the *coup de grâce* from more than one scholar. Like Mrs. Eva Turner Clark before them, though at twice that lady's length, they first revamp the well-established chronology of the plays, 1590-1613, in order to bring them within the lifetime of Oxford, who died, most awkwardly for them, in 1604. They lean heavily, for this, upon identification of the plays with plays of the 1570's and 1580's now known only by title. Thus, to give only one example, they follow Mrs. Clark in assuming that the *Titus and Gisippus* of 1577 was a first edition of *Titus Andronicus*, although from the title it is clear that this lost play was based on a tale in the *Decameron*, with no relation to the pseudo-Roman horrors of Shakespeare's play. Having arranged the plays to their satisfaction, with ascription to revisers of those materials that cannot be dated back, they then proceed to interpret them not as works of dramatic literature but as fragments of the literal or spiritual biography of the arrogant and moody Earl. For this kind of nonsense they have, regrettably, some countenance in the work of those "Stratfordians" who hunt the plays for allusions to Shakespeare's friends and

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enemies, to political events and philosophies, or to his spiritual heights and depths. I allude to Edward Dowden, George Brandes, Frank Harris, Dover Wilson (in *The Essential Shakespeare*), Wilson Knight and the whole school of New Critics. So when Orsino says to Viola, "Let still the woman take An elder than herself," the author was giving a dirty dig to Anne Hathaway, eight years his senior. Alas! Alas!

I must spare a paragraph for a semi-Oxfordian, Percy Allen. A palm should go to him, an active member of that subversive organization, the "Shakespeare Fellowship," for having hit upon a new source of confirmation of these mad theories. In *Talks with Elizabethans* he bridges the gap between this world and the world of spirits with the help of a medium, Mrs. Hester Dowden, daughter of Professor Edward Dowden, who had "mental Shakesperean connections, through her distinguished father." He records his direct conversations with the spirits of Bacon, Shakespeare and others; he puts his crucial authorship questions; he gets some extraordinary replies, and a new Shakespeare sonnet for good measure. Here, if not before, we appear to cross another bridge, leaving our sanity on the farther side.

It would be unfair discrimination not to mention the other competitors, most of them dark horses, in the race for the laurel wreath that the brow of the Stratford boor Shakespeare is too mean to wear. They include: Roger Manners, Fifth Earl of Rutland (proponents Celestin Demblon and Professor Porohovshikof of Oglethorpe University); King Edward VI, who his advocate avers did not die in 1553, but wrote enormously "under many aliases," including the works of Shakespeare and most of Bacon (proponent J. Edward Morgan, a former Nebraska cowboy); Sir Edward Dyer (proponent Alden Brooks, previously quoted); and Charles Blount, Eighth Lord Mountjoy (proponent Peter Alvor, who believes that Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Ben Jonson). Gilbert Slater in his *Seven Shakespeares* advocates the theory that the plays were composed by a group of writers. This view, which has the advantage of allowing great leeway in conjecture and makes it possible to take up within itself or reconcile various conflicting theories of authorship, is now favored by several theorists. It might be called the appeasement theory or the united front theory. Mr. Slater's seven Shakespeares are as follows:

1. Bacon, author of *Richard III* and *Richard II*.

2. Marlowe, whose death in 1593 was faked and who continued to work for the stage under an alias, helping with his professional technique the work of amateurs, Bacon, Derby, Oxford and other aristocratic patrons. "Note, also," Slater adds, "it was not until December 1594 that the London actor, Will Shakespeare, appears in our records. Was it in that character that Marlowe returned to London life?" (I commend the logical method of this argument to our legal members. As to the facts so deftly manipulated, they are unfortunately not facts, since Shakespeare was famous in London by June of 1592, a year before Marlowe's death; and Marlowe was not an actor. And now Calvin Hoffman, in *The Murder of the Man Who Was Shakespeare*, supports this view with a similar treatment of evidence.)

3. William Stanley, Sixth Earl of Derby—a strong claim to *Love's Labor's Lost, A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*.

4. The Earl of Rutland.

5. Oxford, who is retained with greatly diminished glory.

6. Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke and mother of the "incomparable paire of brethren" (the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery) to whom the First Folio is dedicated. Plays were attributed to Shakespeare by Pembroke and Montgomery to conceal the fact that their mother had something to do with them. "Wilton [her home] is on the banks of the Wiley, a little tributary of the Wiltshire Avon . . . . Does the title 'Sweet Swan' better fit the money-lending maltster of Stratford or the 'peerless Ladie bright' of Wilton? Which of the two would Jonson most naturally think of as 'My Beloved'?"

7. Sir Walter Raleigh, who is said to

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have had only a slight share; he assisted Mary Sidney.

Slater's argument is a rather charming example of the type—whimsy and fancy triumphing over the pedestrian academic technique of fact-plus-fact-equals-inference. If we had the wings of a bird, like Mr. Slater, how far we could fly in the solution of our scholar's conundrums. But, on second thought, perhaps it is no joking matter. Perhaps we should turn over to the psychiatrists all members of the Shakespeare Fellowship—and their fellow travelers.

The Case for Shakespeare

His voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres.

It may seem superfluous to argue the case for Shakespeare after refutation of the false conceptions regarding Shakespeare's life and after exposure of the complete lack of an evidential basis for the various other attributions of authorship. But it is evidence of candor to be willing to give his claim a public hearing, even if it seems as superfluous as proving that I am I and you are you. Moreover, we must continue to remember the people who have been deceived by the lunatics and the unmitigated liars of Dr. Tannenbaum's urbane classification. After all, the people deserve to hear the truth as well as to hear folly.

We should realize, first, that no suspicions regarding Shakespeare's authorship (except for a few mainly humorous comments) were expressed until the middle of the nineteenth century (in Hart's *Romance of Yachting,* 1848). For over two hundred years no one had any serious doubts.

Again, we should remember that with minor exceptions at the beginning and the end of his career—easily explained as due to imitation or collaboration—the work of the dramatist is homogeneous, the reflection of a single personality, one side of which is well caught by the contemporary phrases "gentle Shakespeare," "the friendly Author," et cetera. In this work there is an evolution from brilliant but inexpert and unthinking youth through the well-known stages of a maturing art and character, without any obscuring of the fundamental unity of temperament and talent. Thus there is complete confutation of the "group theory"; the theory of multiple hacks, versifying Oxford's prose drafts; and the theories involving the intermittent and casual efforts of noble amateurs.

But what particular facts present to us William Shakespeare of London *and* Stratford-on-Avon, actor, poet and dramatist extraordinary?

The Monument in Trinity Church, Stratford, dating from before 1623, exhibits the half-length bust of Shakespeare. He is holding a pen in one hand and a sheet of paper in the other. The conclusion would seem to be that he had been a writer. The inscription beneath the bust supports that view:

IVDICIO PYLIVM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM:
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MAERET, OLYMPVS HABET.

STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST?
READ IF THOV CANST, WHOM ENVIOVS DEATH HATH PLAST,
WITH IN THIS MONVMENT SHAKSPEARE: WITH WHOME,
QVICK NATVRE DIDE: WHOSE NAME DOTH DECK Y^E^ TOMBE,
FAR MORE THEN COST: SITH ALL, Y^T^ HE HATH WRITT,
LEAVES LIVING ART, BVT PAGE, TO SERVE HIS WITT.
OBIIT AÑO DO^I^ 1616
AETATIS. 53 DIE 23 AP^R^.

Candor requires that I note again that the authority of the monument has been attacked, but on unsubstantial grounds.

The gravestone of Susannah Hall, Shakespeare's daughter, also in Trinity Church, reads:

Heere lyeth y^e^. body of Svsanna
wife to Iohn Hall, gent: y^e^. davgh
ter of William Shakespeare, gent:
shee deceased y^e^. 11th of Ivly. a°.
1649, aged 66.

Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistris Hall,
Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this
Wholy of him with whom she's now in blisse. . . .

This evidence has apparently been overlooked by the anti-Stratfordians.

Chambers, in tracing the development of the Shakespearian tradition, observes, "Stratford was not unaware of the reputation of its distinguished inhabitant, and became a place of pilgrimage at an early date." In 1634, for instance, one Lieutenant Hammond visited Stratford on a tour of military inspection. He records:

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In that dayes trauell we came by Stratford vpon Auon, where in the Church in that Towne there are some Monuments . . . . Those worth obseruing and of which wee tooke notice of were these. . . . A neat Monument of that famous English Poet, M^r. William Shakespeere; who was borne heere.

Again, John Ward, vicar of Stratford from 1662 on, made the following entry in his notebook for the years 1661-63:

I have heard y^t M^r. Shakespeare was a natural wit, without any art at all; hee frequented y^e plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford: and supplied y^e stage with 2 plays every year, and for y^t had an allowance so large, y^t hee spent att y^e Rate of a 1,000 *l.* a year, as I have heard.

The inscriptions in the Stratford church and the notes quoted by Chambers alike testify to the early recognition of Shakespeare as a distinguished author, and one associated with Stratford; they assume the identity of the Stratford actor and the great dramatist.

Finally, I shall quote some literary references to Shakespeare by his contemporaries, selecting only those that establish this same identity of persons—denied by the heretics. There are many other striking contemporary allusions, but I pass over them in order to play the game on the enemy's terms and beat him at it.

I will quote first that famous first allusion to Shakespeare, a young man perhaps new to London but already the talk of the town:

Yes, trust them not [the players]: for there is an vpstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers hart wrapt in a Players hyde*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the best of you: and beeing an absolute *Iohannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrey.

So wrote the dying Robert Greene in September of 1592. Whether he is lampooning Shakespeare the actor or Shakespeare the dramatist is not clear, but he parodies a line from Shakespeare the dramatist, "Tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide." And three months later Greene's literary executor, Henry Chettle, apologizing for Greene's pamphlet "in which a letter written to diuers play-makers, is offensiuely by one or two of them taken," blames himself for oversight in publishing the lampoon and declares regarding Shakespeare that he himself has "seene his demeanor no lesse ciuill than he exelent in the qualitie he professes: Besides, diuers of worship haue reported his uprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting, that aprooues his Art."

In the university play, *The Return from Parnassus*, Part III (1601?), in a dialogue between characters representing the comedian and the "heavy" man of Shakespeare's company, Will Kempe and Richard Burbage, Shakespeare, the self-taught (*i.e.*, the "ignorant boor") is said to beat the university-trained dramatists:

Kempe. Few of the vniuersity men pen plaies well, they smell too much of that writer *Ouid*, and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talke too much of *Proserpina* & *Iuppiter*. Why heres our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all downe, I and *Ben Ionson* too. O that *Ben Ionson* is a pestilent fellow, he brought vp *Horace* giuing the Poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath giuen him a purge that made him beray his credit.

Ben Jonson's famous poetical tribute prefixed to the First Folio is, of course, a prime exhibit. Shakespeare and Jonson were close friends, and had long been associated together in work for the King's men. This is clearly a tribute to Shakespeare of Stratford, with the famous "small Latin and less Greek" and the concluding apostrophe to "Sweet Swan of Avon." Feeble attempts have been made to discredit it, such as Slater's argument that the allusion is to Mary Sidney, and the "ironical" interpretation by Alden Brooks mentioned earlier; but they are defeated by their absurdity. Jonson's warm feeling for Shakespeare the man and his reservations concerning his art appear together in the often quoted passage from *Timber*:

I *remember*, the Players have often mentioned it as an honour to *Shakespeare*, that in his writing, (whatsoever he penn'd) hee never blotted out line. My answer hath beene, would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted. And to justifie mine owne candor, (for I lov'd the man, and doe honour his memory (on this side Idolatry) as much as any.) Hee was (indeed) honest, and of an open, and free nature: had an excellent *Phantsie*; brave notions, and gentle expressions: wherein hee flow'd with that facility, that sometime it was necessary he should be stop'd: *Sufflaminandus erat*; as *Augustus* said of *Haterius*. His wit was in his owne power; would the rule of it had beene so too.

That this is genuine there can be no doubt.

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And other tributes, based on personal acquaintance, are extant from the dramatists Heywood and Beaumont. The fellow players of Shakespeare who edited the First Folio, John Heminge and Henry Condell, say they have collected the plays "onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare."

The last witness is Leonard Digges. In verses prefixed to the First Folio, he declares that when "Time dissolues thy Stratford Moniment" men will "view thee still" in this volume of his works—thus once more binding as one the man of Stratford and the writer. Again, in verses prefixed to the edition of Shakespeare's poems in 1640, Digges treats as one man the sonneteer and the dramatist, mentions his limited education, the Globe theater, the tremendous popularity of *Julius Caesar, Othello, Henry IV, Much Ado,* and *Twelfth Night.*

Digges, we now know, is the star witness for Shakespeare. Dr. Hotson has shown that in 1600 Thomas Russell, one of the two "overseers" of Shakespeare's will, married Anne Digges, widow of William Digges and mother of Dudley Digges (Sir Dudley, 1607) and Leonard Digges. The Digges family was well-to-do, the mother of noble ancestry. Leonard with two other boys from the Stratford neighborhood (one of them William Coombe, brother of the Thomas Coombe to whom Shakespeare bequeathed his sword) entered Oxford at the age of fifteen, in 1603. Leonard made a reputation as a scholar and writer. A translation by him from the Spanish in 1622 he dedicated to the "incomparable paire" of noblemen to whom the Folio was dedicated a year later. Sir Dudley Digges, the older brother, and William Strachey were friends of Ben Jonson and were interested in the Virginia Company; Strachey's account of the ill-omened Somers Expedition to Virginia was used by Shakespeare in writing *The Tempest.* This identification of Leonard Digges and the establishing of a connection between him and Thomas Russell gives us contemporary Stratford recognition of Shakespeare's greatness as a dramatist; and by one who knew Shakespeare the man well.

Let Digges have the honor of the Epilogue:

To the Memorie
of the deceased Authour Maister
W. Shakespeare.

Shake-speare, at length thy pious fellowes giue
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-liue
Thy Tombe thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolues thy *Stratford Moniment,*
Here we aliue shall view thee still. This Booke,
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages: when Posteritie
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not *Shake-speares;* eu'ry Line, each Verse,
Here shall reuiue, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, (as *Naso* said,
Of his,) thy wit-fraught Booke shall once inuade.
Nor shall I e're beleeue or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) untill our bankrout Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain t' out-do
Passions of *Iuliet,* and her *Romeo;*
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlying *Romans* spake,—
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our *Shake-speare,* thou canst neuer dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, liue eternally.

L. Digges.

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reappraisals

Charles Darwin: Life and Habit

FRANCIS HUXLEY

PART I

Many people have found Charles Darwin irresistible, and it is no wonder. Not only are his books fascinating for his ideas, but for his character: the words, gentle, apologetic and with an air of omniscience, lap round the reader like a sustaining flood and bear him, courteously, to a difficult conclusion. If the conclusion is not always unequivocal, one must remember how Darwin liked to defend himself against all possible forms of criticism, confusing even himself from time to time. But equivocations can be irresistible on their own account, and the speed with which the phrase "Mr. Darwin's theory," referring to the origin of species by means of natural selection, gave place to the single word *Darwinism,* meaning evolution in general, shows that the Victorian public enjoyed being fascinated by Darwin's interlinked hesitations and convictions, and was glad to personify the whole issue, doubts and all, in his gentlemanly figure.

There was certainly much justice in this personification, for public interest in Darwinism can hardly have been any greater than Darwin's own interest in it. Seldom, indeed, has a man pursued a subject so tenaciously, with such industry, and for a greater number of years; just the thought of the energy involved in writing the *Origin* is overwhelming. One need only compare Darwin to Patrick Matthew to see what is at stake. Matthew—as Darwin acknowledged—anticipated all Darwin's main conclusions by twenty-eight years, yet he thought them so little important that he published them as an appendix to his book on naval timber and did not feel the need to give substance to them by continuous work. Darwin's incessant application, on the other hand, makes one think that he had found in evolution and its related concepts not merely a scientific theory about the world, but a vocation: he had discovered the theory and practice of himself.

It is, I think, this sense of vocation, this enormous faith Darwin had—not so much in himself or his theories, but rather in the facts he dealt with and in his own desire to make use of them—which gives to his writings the winning quality that overrides the jumble of his hesitations and ungainliness. One remembers how he assured a critic that he was going to modify the many *believe*'s and *convinced*'s that lay scattered through the *Origin,* only to have his critic reply: "You will then spoil your book, the charm of (!) it is that it is Darwin himself." The critic was right: Darwin's hesitations are part of his charm, and if through them he sometimes becomes almost willfully obscure, this seems to be because he could not always tell his weakness from his strength. Was his generosity, for example, nothing but a lack of self-assertion, or his hardy patience but a kind of diffidence? As for Darwin's perseverance, his son Francis

✪ FRANCIS HUXLEY, great-grandson of Thomas Huxley and son of Sir Julian Huxley, took his degree in zoology at Oxford. He later turned to anthropology and visited an Indian tribe in Brazil, which he described in his book *Affable Savages,* published in 1956. Mr. Huxley is currently doing fieldwork in Haiti on the ethnology of magic and madness.

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stated that the word "seems hardly to express his almost fierce desire to force the truth to reveal itself. He often said that it was important that a man should know the right point at which to give up an inquiry. And I think it was his tendency to pass this point that inclined him to apologize for his perseverance, and gave the air of doggedness to his work."

This mixture of strength and weakness is the part of Darwin's general habit of mind that seems to have made it natural for him, rather than for another, to seize upon and work out the great principles of evolution. There is an interesting relationship between a habit of mind and the ideas it brings forth: it is like hearing a poet read his own verse, his intonation and the rhythm of his voice bringing out, by a form of resonance, meanings in the verse which another man could not evoke. In Darwin this relationship between a habit of mind and the ideas brought forth by it enables one to look at some fundamental questions: What problems was he trying to resolve, for instance, in his denial of final purposes and the grounding of all his thought upon nature? And from what direction did he approach the great problems of being alive, whether in nature or himself?

Where can one start? Perhaps with that division of himself into two parts, which his wife foresaw before their marriage. "Your mind and time are full of the most interesting subjects," she pointed out to him, "and thoughts of the most absorbing kind, viz. following up your own discoveries, but which make it difficult for you to avoid casting out as interruptions other sorts of thoughts which have no relation to what you are pursuing, or to be able to give your whole attention to both sides of the question." A result of this one-sided application to the problems of life—for he was unable to stop thinking as he had always done—seems to have been the general decay of his aesthetic faculties, one of the stock items in our knowledge of Darwin. This decay was a serious matter for him, as he confessed; it is also a serious matter for anyone interested in him, a weakness being a valuable gauge of a man that one cannot afford to dismiss lightly. This weakness, besides, goes directly to what Darwin himself thought mysterious; and mysteries—like weaknesses—may not be excused, especially in a man as fond of plain facts as was Darwin.

The mystery centers around what Darwin referred to as the "sublime," and his weakness—which later turned out to be his strength—lay in his inability to deal with it directly. Often, during his voyage in the *Beagle*, he went out of his way to let the stupendous productions of nature astonish him, and he fed his sense of awe upon Milton and Wordsworth, the one poet intent upon the evocation of sublimities, the other upon disclosing the sublime in the actual. The sublime is rarely the same as the beautiful: it is a brooding and almost material emotion that refers to things before creation, things too vast to own an exact form. Mountains, for example, were sublime, especially when undecorated with the frivolities of living things: "Neither plant nor bird," wrote Darwin of the Andes, "excepting a few condors wheeling around the higher pinnacles, distracted my attention from the inanimate mass. I felt glad that I was alone: it was like watching a thunderstorm, or hearing in full orchestra a chorus of the Messiah." His reaction to such a billowing upsurge of sublimity, whether caused by mountains or by music, was a coldness and shivering along his spine. Herbert, a college friend, noted how at the end of a particularly impressive piece of music, Darwin turned to him with a sigh and asked, "How's your backbone?" A. E. Housman recorded the same reaction in himself when reading or reciting poetry: what is more, he used the accompanying shiver to gauge the worth of the poem that caused it. True poetry, many shivers: indifferent poetry, none. Darwin's reactions to music, however, were less selective: he was quite tone deaf and could not distinguish one melody from another. Was it the same when he read Milton, one wonders: did a flood of shivers course along his back at the sublimities he encountered there, regardless of their meaning? That he came to prefer library books

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with happy endings—he could not abide unhappy ones, and said there should be a law against them—to Milton, or to the historical plays of Shakespeare, which he had read assiduously in his youth, makes one suspect that Darwin indulged in the sublime rather than engaged himself with it, mistaking a passive ability to shiver for an activity of the mind. The sublime, however, continued to visit him as he aged, but less and less, and its deepest questioning remained unanswered. Thus, the Duke of Argyll, once observing that the wonderful contrivances of nature seemed to be the effect and expression of mind, records that Darwin exclaimed: " 'Well, that often comes over me with overwhelming force; but at other times,' and he shook his head vaguely, adding, 'it seems to go away.' "

Where did it go, the visionary gleam? For Darwin, music, grand scenes, God, the sublime, all called out in him the same vague but powerful emotion which, since it was directed nowhere, went nowhere; but which came, indubitably, from some central fount in himself. What was this place, and why did Darwin shiver? He himself thought that music, for one, evoked the strong emotions felt by man's earliest forebears, who courted each other by song; but this is Darwin at his most mechanical and imperceptive. When people talk about inherited memories, they refer usually to some capacity in themselves that has not been used, or some growth that has been frustrated: this seems to have been so with Darwin, whose fear of hereditary weakness (whether justified or not) may also have a bearing here. The sublime at which he pleasurably shuddered was a part of himself, a mass of usually inanimate passions stirred up by various sights and sounds, but never used: "We know that every strong sensation, emotion, or excitement—extreme pain, rage, terror, joy, or the passion of love—all have a special tendency to cause the muscles to tremble; and the thrill or slight shiver which runs down the backbone and limbs of many persons when they are powerfully affected by music, seems to bear the same relation to the above trembling of the body, as a slight suffusion of tears from the power of music does to weeping from any strong and real emotion." Darwin certainly experienced a number of these sensations and excitements when on the *Beagle*, and it was his ability to do so that kept his interest so fresh and eager. There was, however, a decided change in his life when he returned to England, for there he had few of the excitements and adventures that had lightened his five-year journey around the world, and those he did have stimulated him so much that both his health and his work suffered. He began to repress these passions, and his substitutes for them were mild in the extreme: he took to snuff, to stimulate his nose and excite sneezes; he read novels, in order that the fortunes of the heroine might excite his interest; and he played games of backgammon with his wife, that he might glory in feelings of triumph when he won and mock anger when he lost. "A physician once remarked to me as a proof of the exciting nature of anger, that a man when excessively jaded will sometimes invent imaginary offences and put himself into a passion, unconsciously for the sake of reinvigorating himself; and since hearing this remark, I have occasionally recognized its full truth." Darwin, without a doubt, is here talking of his own anger, habitually repressed and exercised only in joke; but even in this histrionic form, it was vigorous enough to drive away for a time that feeling of being excessively jaded that accompanied his life like the drone of a bagpipe.

At first sight, the idea that Darwin ever used anger as a tonic seems strange. His contemporaries were united in declaring him to be the mildest and best-tempered of men: he was, wrote G. J. Romanes, "marked by a certain grand and cheerful simplicity, strangely and beautifully united with a deep and thoughtful wisdom which, with illimitable kindness to others and complete forgetfulness of self, made a combination as lovable as it was venerable." Emma Darwin, before her marriage, wrote of him: "He is the most open transparent man I ever saw, and every word expresses his real

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thoughts. . . . He is particularly affectionate, and very nice to his father and sister, and perfectly sweet tempered, and possesses some minor qualities that add particularly to one's happiness, such as not being fastidious, and being humane to animals. . . ." He was, wrote Thomas Huxley, like Socrates, with a firm belief in the sovereignty of human reason, and always desiring to meet a man wiser than himself. Certainly, he was sage, peaceable and benign.

This radiant amiability, however, must not make one forget that Darwin could use anger as a tonic, or that the sublime made him shiver. He shivered at other things, besides: "I remember well the time when the thought of the eye made me cold all over, but I have got over this stage of the complaint, and now small trifling particulars of structure often make me very uncomfortable. The sight of a feather in a peacock's tail, whenever I gaze at it, makes me sick!" We know, too, that he suffered from bad heat control. Indoors he habitually wore fur-lined canvas overshoes and a large shawl; this shawl he would throw off from time to time, especially if his work did not go right. "It was," his son wrote, "as if he could not hit the balance between too hot and too cold."

To have bad heat control is, in one sense, to have little control over impulse. The impulse that made Darwin most uneasy was anger, and he was so well aware that "anger had a tendency to multiply itself in the utterance" that he was scrupulously polite even to those he had good cause not to be. His fear of this impulse was his fear of himself, showing one the negative of all those qualities his friends praised in him: self-frustration, inability to assert himself, and an ambiguous attitude toward responsibility. Scientifically, his responsibility was complete: he had, said Thomas Huxley, "a certain intense and passionate honesty by which all his thoughts and actions were irradiated, as by a central fire." Toward his own social position, however, he refused to be responsible, instead becoming dependent on his wife and on a barricade of unbreakable routine to shield him from asserting his real character in the world. Nor would he stick up for himself, but, Huxley wrote, would "accept criticism and suggestions from anybody and everybody, not only without impatience, but with expressions of gratitude sometimes almost comically in excess of their value." He hated being recognized in the street by strangers, and found it incredible that people would be able to argue oratorically in public; and he felt himself so little the owner of his own possessions that at his home at Down he would inquire in a small voice whether the carriage might conveniently be sent in to the village to get a parcel.

This great need for dependence, in a mind independently regarding the true nature of things, is strange; but it merges imperceptibly into that great devotion which marked everything he did. (A German phrenologist, looking at a photograph of Darwin's head, remarked that he had a bump of reverence large enough for ten priests. Darwin, I think, was a little superstitious about phrenology; he remembered how, when he came back from his voyage on the *Beagle*, the first thing said by his father was that the shape of his head had changed, and Darwin acknowledged the force of the remark. However, when someone tried to explain the habits of cuckoos phrenologically, he rebelled.) This devotion had, to be sure, certain negative features. His first conscious devotion was paid to his father, a tyrannical man whom he loved and from whom he never got free: this captivity was such that throughout his life he felt incapable of taking his father's place. "I think my father was a little unjust to me when I was young," he confessed in later life; "but afterwards, I am thankful to think I became a prime favorite with him." Darwin, though he often felt his energies were the gift of his father, yet fared better than his brother, Erasmus, who became a charming but tormented bachelor. Darwin, indeed, sometimes managed to escape, though largely without realizing it: his Journal of the voyage of the *Beagle* shows what he was capable of. On its last page, he wrote: "In a moral point of view, the effect [on a

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traveler] ought to be, to teach him good-humored patience, freedom from selfishness, the habit of acting for himself, and of making the best of every occurrence." It is extraordinary that on his return to England, when he was once more under the dominion of love and respect, he should have ignored the qualities that made him so good a traveler—for his adventurous exploration of whatever country he visited was completely admirable—and instead should have devoted himself to an eight-year study of barnacles, the value of which he himself sometimes questioned. It is true that, shortly after his return, he also got married, and that he published his journal of the voyage, his observations on the natural history of the countries he had visited, and his theory about coral reefs—all large and interesting works. The barnacles, however, are monumental: appalling numbers of them, all minutely described and put into order. To turn the pages of Darwin's opus is to become aware of a tremendous and slightly pointless joke: the barnacle, trying out an infinite number of variations upon itself. How was it that Darwin felt the need to plumb this joke to its depths?

Darwin, of course, got a lot out of the barnacles: they gave him a gruelling training in taxonomy and taught him something about what a species was, which nothing else could have done. But beyond this, there was a certain self-indulgence in the boredom of the work, which on the one hand satisfied his passion for collecting and for losing himself in minutiae, and on the other offered him a form of exercise that took the edge off his anxiety about himself without threatening anyone. Barnacles were his duty, a filial work covering a secret indulgence in thoughts so daring that for years he could not write them down. The witless joke about the barnacle pales into nothing before the sight of Darwin, who found it so difficult to assert himself, and whose work was in a sense an escape from this problem, stumbling backward in his seclusion upon the one question that was to challenge collective authority. Darwin was well aware of this, one reason he avoided publishing for so long; in a letter of 1844 he writes that he is "almost convinced . . . that species are not (it is like confessing a murder) immutable." The consequences of this murder were with him all his life, and he never quite tackled them face to face. "I feel in some degree unwilling to express myself publicly on religious subjects," he humbly wrote years later, "as I do not feel that I have thought deeply enough to justify any publicity."

Darwin came to live his life on two levels, that of his dependent family life, and that of his independent thought. The characteristic features of both were set in motion by a single mechanism, a central anxiety and frustration. His desire for routine and dependence reached remarkable lengths: routine was, for him, an external method for controlling his reactions. One may see this plainly in the way he treated visits and visitors. Although he was a very sociable being, to meet other people outside his home, or outside the hours he allotted for such meetings, caused him such excitement that he felt ill, became giddy, and was unable to go to sleep at night. This is an odd change from his *Beagle* days, when he was always "making the best of every occurrence," working hard and sleeping well. It is fairly plain that on his return to England, Darwin had nearly made his energies his own, and he might have become as independent as his adventures implied he could be: but home was too much for him, he slipped back into his old habits and the great change never took place. His energies and ambitions were carefully damped down and hidden away in his work, just as he hid himself away in the country—"My life goes on like clockwork," he wrote prophetically to Captain Fitz-Roy from Down, "and I am fixed on the spot where I shall end it." It was at this time that his aesthetic responses were increasingly stifled, along with the central psychological being in himself which he would not allow to grow.

The anxiety produced by this repression, although kept in bounds by the motherly attentions of his wife—he called her Mammy—the playful love of his children,

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and the routine he made for himself, had to come out somewhere: and it came out in his work. After finishing his three hours of work every morning, he would come into the house like a small boy and say, proudly, "*I've* done a good day's work." But even though his day's work was over, he could not stop thinking about it. He went on walks, to exhaust his mind of its activity: he found riding a horse better, since the attention needed to keep it under control usually excluded other thoughts. He would go to bed at ten every evening, after intervening the daily backgammon game between himself and his preoccupations; but even so, the force of his thoughts was such that he could not sleep for hours. His anxiety, not allowed to act on the problem it originated from, thus became geared to his work, and his problem lost itself in a perpetual worry about unplaced facts rather than unplaced feelings. His anxiety moved both him and the facts in his mind, endlessly: when he and they produced a new idea, he would say, "I shan't be easy till I've tried it," and his mind would entertain a new worry. And though he spent so much time trying not to think, yet he held time to be extremely precious—partly, no doubt, because he allowed himself so little to use in his work. Too much work made him giddy, caused him to vomit from overexcitement; yet if he did not work, he felt deeply uneasy. This stupefying center of his activity got more and more out of his control, until at last he died after a heart attack brought on, it seems, during a prolonged irruption of it into his consciousness.

This, of course, is but a small part of the story. There is no doubt that he suffered a great deal from this neurasthenia, but it is a mark of his strength and of how amply he could endure this suffering that his death did not come until he was seventy-three and after he had written and published some three million words. Whatever his handicaps, then, he remained immensely active; and his predicament, of sitting on an enormous frustration that urged him to act and then forced him not to, can perhaps be illustrated by him sitting in his favorite armchair. This chair had a very high seat which let his legs dangle straight to the floor, as he liked them to. Suddenly, however, he would feel that the seat was not high enough, and he would put a footstool upon it and sit on that. His feet then were so far off the floor that he had to get a chair to rest them on, to be comfortable again. So he would mount, seesawing upward.

To trace any neurasthenia down to a single root is seldom possible, and usually demeaning. Gould, in his *Biographical Clinics*, thought Darwin's illness was all due to eye strain; Darwin himself thought he was touched by a hereditary mental weakness; and others, that the unknown illness which struck him down in Valparaiso had a lasting bad effect on him. Perhaps these things are all true; perhaps too, but without making a cause of it, we can point in another direction, to an empty place in Darwin's life that gives us a different way of looking at him and his thought. This place was the one which should have been filled by his mother. Of her he could remember only her work table, a black velvet gown she wore, and the day of her funeral. She died when he was eight; and with her, it seems, died the dependence of his imagination on its center, so that his emotions remained largely without shape or meaning. It was these shapeless emotions that awed Darwin later as the looming presence of the sublime—a presence that nearly always had a certain Miltonic brutality about it, seldom being dissolved into a saving intuition. However, the presence also fascinated him in the shape of a painting by Sebastiano del Piombo: and this is noteworthy, for the painting shows a Madonna and child, the Madonna being very actively protective. The painting, however, is also sublime in the bad sense: del Piombo was a pupil of Michaelangelo, copying his tremendous forms with little understanding of their meaning, much as Darwin could shiver when listening to *The Messiah* although he was tone deaf.

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Darwin himself summed up his trouble well when he confessed his inability to master foreign languages, to compose verse or to draw, and he bemoaned the difficulties he had when writing— "There seems to be a sort of fatality in my mind leading me to put at first my statement or proposition in a wrong or awkward form." This fatality is surely a failure of that feminine intuitive capacity of which Goethe, for instance, made such good use. It was not that Darwin lacked intuitions, but that he mistrusted himself and belabored the grace out of them. They are best seen in his early notes on evolution. "If we choose to let conjecture run wild, then animals, our fellow brethren in pain, disease, death, suffering, and famine—our slaves in the most laborious works, our companions in our amusements—they may partake [of] our origin in one common ancestor—we may be all melted together." This great sentiment with its loving conclusion is typical of Darwin, yet he never returned to use that unexpected image of melting which is so moving. Darwin did not easily melt, he preferred to particularize and construct: a way of thinking that led him to see nature as being masculine rather than feminine. It is noteworthy, for example, that Freud's theory of the primal horde, with its nasty old man taking the women and castrating all his sons, originated in one of Darwin's speculations in *The Descent of Man*. Darwin's own assumptions come out well in his theory of sexual selection where, although he suggests that one function of display is to stimulate the female, he emphasizes how males are chosen for their superior ostentation and force. Natural selection also, for Darwin, is a struggle between males over a frigid but maternal future. The female chooses, but is hardly stirred; the males struggle for her, and are chosen. "They die, without they change, like golden pippins; it is a *generation of species* like generation *of individuals*." The image of a golden pippin in this, another of his early notes on evolution and natural selection, is beautiful and surprising, reminding one both of the golden apples of the Hesperides, guarded by the muses and the dragon, and of the fatal apple in the Garden of Eden. The woman eats both: in Darwin, however, her presence is almost completely hidden behind the masculine struggle for survival.

The tone of Darwin's thought is therefore quite different from that of Goethe or Lamarck or Darwin's grandfather Erasmus. The book to which *The Origin of Species* was most often compared in Darwin's own time, Chambers' *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, was, on the face of it, somewhat similar: but the similarity lay wholly in the attempt to arrange natural facts evolutionarily, and not at all in the mechanism by which evolution took place. Chambers relied upon the Creator to give both the original impulse and, it seems, the plan which the impulse was to follow; Darwin saw a natural mechanism bringing about change so clearly that a divine puppeteer was to him an irrelevance. But his cast of mind was quite different from that of the Vitalists, who saw nature as raising herself by means of her general force of desire for the end that was to be hers. Nature, for them—as for Goethe—was female; and various mythological motives were imputed to her, as hidden and divine motives are always imputed by men to the women who fascinate them. This, Darwin would not do: in any case, to him nature was not female and, therefore, full of vitalistic movements, but male and full of machinery. Darwin insisted upon mechanism as the sign of intelligibility; and although he always dealt with purpose, he did so entirely in terms of structural mechanism—unlike Goethe, for whom purpose was a last cause before it was an immediate one. Darwin, it must be said, was by no means unimpressed by the power of life: he often was, as one may read in his Journal: "Thus do we see the soft and gelatinous body of a polypus, through the agency of the vital laws, conquering the great mechanical powers of the waves of an ocean which neither the art of man nor the inanimate works of nature could successfully resist." But the vital laws are blind, and they produce their

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astonishing effects only when one conflicts with another. Goethe might have agreed, but only if he could have argued a mythological complicity of the laws with a shaping entelechy. Such an entelechy Darwin refused to admit: and it was over the results of this refusal, of course, that the principal controversy raged when the *Origin* was published. Has man any meaning if the wiles of God have not shaped Creation? What may one enjoy if nature is entirely selfish and masculine, with no providing bosom on which to rest? Where is the all-embracing goddess?

Darwin's interest in machinery was such that lines of descent did not interest him. He was at heart an ecologist and a physiologist, rather than a rationalizing theologian: long trains of abstract thought always made him uneasy because he could not keep up with them, and he only felt at home when dealing with observable operations in their natural and observable environments. He was, besides, not so much interested in species as in the related structures that different species of the same family all manifest. Thus, he looked at the different structures among various kinds of domestic pigeons, and he was content when he had pointed out how they had all been artificially bred from one original stock, the rock pigeon; he analyzed the function of the different mechanisms he found in the flowers of orchids, brought them down to their simplest form, and so could postulate a common origin for them all—a center from which they radiated rather than an ancestor from whom they depended like strung beads. For a structure to him meant a habit, and a habit implied not only an internal need but outer forces to which, for good or evil, the organism had to become habituated. The orchid's flower was a device by which the plant took advantage of the habits of insects, and it was only by inquiring into this use of its various parts—which he called adaptation—that he was able to put time into natural history, and order in taxonomy. In one sense, therefore, he might well have called his book *The Origin of Habits* rather than *The Origin of Species*. Like many others, he was never quite certain just what a species was.

This ecological, physiological interest made his treatment of any problem at once enormously broad and minute. Dealing with vast arrays of facts, he needed equally vast tracts of time if he was to account for them evolutionarily. Had it not been for Lyell, indeed, he would have been baffled right at the beginning, left facing the awesome and intractable sublime. As it was, he took to Lyell as he had taken to Euclid when a child, as a most satisfying exercise combining reason and observation; and with the help of Lyell he began himself to undertake the work of creation and to transform the sublime into matter. The methods and aims of geology fascinated him: "It makes me groan," he later wrote to Lyell, "to think that probably I shall never again have the exquisite pleasure of making out some new district, of evolving geological light out of some troubled dark region. So I must make the best of my Cirripedia. . . ."

Without a doubt, it was geology that effected Darwin's awakening to the nature of the world, to the methods of science and to the existence of his own powers. He started off on the *Beagle*, indeed, with the exciting notion that he might write a book on the geology of the entire globe; and it was his continual interest in the subject that helped him affirm, even against such objectors as Huxley, that nature makes no jumps: *Natura non facit saltum*. This is a prime axiom in Darwin's thought that has something to do with his unmythologizing habits. Goethe, for instance, is full of jumps made by his imagination, jumps which are usually more convincing than true—and so is Cuvier, with his theory of sudden catastrophes. Not so Darwin. "If this be so, and I cannot doubt it, the grand and broken chain of the Cordillera, instead of having been suddenly thrown up, as was till lately the universal, and still is the common opinion of geologists, has been slowly upheaved in mass, in the same gradual manner as the coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific

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have risen within the recent period. A multitude of facts in the structure of the Cordillera, on this view receive a simple explanation."

Darwin, it must be said, could often be romantic about geology if he chose—but not for long. Thus, when speaking of a torrential river that rolled large stones along with it and made a roaring, rattling noise, he wrote in the Journal: "It was like thinking on time, where the minute that now glides past is irrecoverable. So was it with these stones; the ocean is their eternity, and each note of that wild music told of one more step towards their destiny."

"It is not possible for the mind to comprehend," he then immediately goes on, "except by a slow process, any effect which is produced by a cause repeated so often, that the multiplier itself conveys an idea, not more definite than the savage implies when he points to the hairs of his head. As often as I have seen beds of mud, sand, and shingle, accumulated to the thickness of many thousand feet, I have felt inclined to exclaim that causes, such as the present rivers and the present beaches, could never have ground down and produced such masses. But, on the other hand, when listening to the rattling noise of these torrents, and calling to mind that whole races of animals have passed away from the face of the earth, and that during this whole period, night and day, these stones have gone rattling onwards in their course, I have thought to myself, can any mountains, any continent, withstand such waste?"

Darwin had here found a true sublime, and it—like all true sublimes—proved difficult to contemplate with comfort. "The mind," he says elsewhere on the same subject, "is stupefied in thinking over the long, absolutely necessary lapse of years . . ."; and again, "It makes the head almost giddy to reflect upon the number of years, century after century . . ."—years required for the sea to break down cliffs, for rocks to become sand. Even in this guise the sublime overcame him: stupefaction and giddiness were the very marks of his malady during his middle and old age. But he continued to contemplate his discovery, the gradual but insidious effects of minute causes during tremendous stretches of time: a phenomenon which impressed him the more, no doubt, because it was a picture of his own mental activity. "My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts," he was to write late in life. He was fascinated by another organized being that worked on somewhat the same lines: the earthworm. The earthworm, like Darwin, eats the earth it travels through, triturating recalcitrant lumps of matter within itself until they are ground down to worm-cast mud. When one thinks of Darwin and the world of facts he thus painfully ate, his own rhetorical question comes to mind: "Can any mountains, any continent, withstand such waste?"

Darwin's mind, therefore, with the range of its interest and the fineness of its ratiocination, parallels in miniature the geological process as he imagined it. Likewise, his passion for collecting was almost as grandiose and indiscriminate as the geological processes of erosion and sedimentation. He collected everything: shells, coins, franks, seals, butterflies, in his youth; birds, insects, minerals, plants, marine organisms, barnacles, in his later years; facts, always. He collected some things for their numbers: he collected money very well; he collected reviews of his books, totting them up for and against; and he collected his own productions in the form of a myriad of notes, abstracts of books and manuscripts.

These collections to begin with had no principle of organization within them: indeed, his first collection of beetles was mere jackdawism, for he hardly bothered to examine the ones he got. He amassed facts and objects like a miser, finding later that they had turned into the treasure he most desired: evidence. It was this evidence of forces at work in the outside world that gradually replaced his ability to enjoy poetry, Shakespeare, or other witnesses of the inner life, and that also stifled his religious faith. "But I was very unwilling to give up my belief," he wrote of his youthful strug-

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gle with religion; "I feel sure of this, for I can well remember often and often inventing day-dreams of old letters between distinguished Romans, and manuscripts being discovered at Pompeii or elsewhere, which confirmed in the most striking manner all that was written in the Gospels. But I found it more and more difficult, with free scope given to my imagination, to invent evidence which would suffice to convince me." This form of the imagination, for which no evidence is needed but the experiencing of it, was thus outside Darwin's capacities to make use of, and he had to make do with the evidence of grand facts which he could anatomize at leisure and which, by their nature, were incontrovertible.

The habit of collecting, he once wrote, might turn a man either into a systematic naturalist, a virtuoso or a miser. And although he said of himself that he "without any theory collected facts on a wholesale scale," this is not really true: he always had an ultimate goal in mind, namely the solution of the species problem. However uncertain he may have been about proclaiming any theory of his—which he liked to introduce with such a phrase as "I scarcely hesitate to affirm . . ."—he never worked without one, and he collected his facts by the mountain because they, at least, could assert themselves and the idea they illustrated where he found it difficult to do so. Everyone knows how Darwin hoarded his theory for eighteen years, publishing it only when Wallace's essay forced him to; and this certainly was because he did not think himself safe until his theory was covered several times over by facts.

Darwin, besides, was a most generous man and never avaricious. Timid he might be in some ways, as the Wallace episode shows—he almost persuaded himself to let Wallace take all the credit for the idea of natural selection—but his generosity was usually a match for his timidity, just as his devotion saved him from the perils of overdependence. We may note this mixture of timidity and enthusiasm in Darwin's desire to please: "To be present with him . . . at a small luncheon party, especially if a sympathetic woman were seated near him, will not be easily forgotten by anyone who has experienced it. He set everyone at his ease, and talked and laughed in the gayest way, with lively banter and raillery that had a pleasant flavor of flattery, and touches of deference to his guests and a desire to bring any stranger into the conversation." To please others merely in order to avoid a disagreeable situation was certainly one of Darwin's minor vices; he was always letting his timidity take advantage of his tenderness. However, to please others in order to get the best out of them, to flirt both tenderly and manfully, is another matter, and it was "this tendency to give himself up to the enthusiastic turn of his thought, without fear of being ludicrous" that led him, like Francis Galton, to carry out experiments no sensible man would have considered. He confessed a distrust of purely deductive reasoning and of skepticism which, although it might save some time, often ended by stopping a man from making just that foolish experiment which would lead him to the truth. Who but Darwin would have had a bassoon blown close to a sprouting seed, to find whether the sound affected the motion of its cotyledons? Sometimes, however, his experiments appeared ludicrous even to him. "If you knew some of the experiments (if they may be so-called) which I am trying," he wrote to Hooker, "you would have a good right to sneer, for they are so *absurd* even in *my* opinion that I dare not tell you." But the experiments themselves were far from ludicrous. It is Darwin himself, with his way of working toward the truth like a dumb but sagacious dog, as Huxley remarked, with his glee and his disappointments, who gives rise to this notion of the ludicrous—the ludicrous often being the enthusiasm of the amateur over a subject professionals think too complicated for him.

That he was an amateur in some ways is not meant derogatorily. Thiselton Dyer said the same about Darwin's botanical interests: "He turned his attention to plants,

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doubtless because they were convenient objects for studying organic phenomena in their least complicated forms; and this point of view, which, if one may use the expression without disrespect, had something of the amateur about it, was in itself of the greatest importance. For, from not being, till he took up any point, familiar with the literature bearing on it, his mind was absolutely free from any prepossession." He had to thank his bad education for his unfamiliarity with the literature: but he also had to thank something in his own mind that did not allow him to have any prepossessions about himself, let alone about knowledge. A professional will see the world through a pair of system-colored spectacles and think in terms of systematic unreality; the amateur is not only untrained for this but feels that he has no warrant to see and think in this way. As a result he will take facts literally, without glossing them over with scholastic explanations of what they should be, and he can see through theories because he is not traditionally involved with them. He may often go too far and become involved in his own prejudices so much that he will bundle everything up into a horrid mythological system of his own; but in Darwin, as we have seen, the mythologizing tendency had no center from which to grow. In any case, however the amateur reacts to the orthodox system, he points to a region that professionals had previously thought uninhabitable, the region of waste and exception and impossibility.

The second half of this reappraisal of Charles Darwin will appear in the Winter issue.

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Some Reflections on Freedom

JOHN W. WARD

If we had no problems in our present world, we would have no need for the history of our past. If ever we reached that utopia which in our fainter moments we sometimes long for, in which all conflict was put behind us, we would have no questions to ask of history because we would have no need for knowledge to prepare us for action that must be taken in our own present. This does not mean that history can ever yield us a moment in the past identical to our own and, thus, give us pat answers, or that our interest in the past is simply utilitarian; but it does mean that there can be no history, properly speaking, without questions; and questions are always given to us in the present tense.

A lack of problems is, in itself, hardly a problem for us today—quite the opposite. "The proper work of mankind," wrote Dante, is "intellectual growth." But he went on to say that "since individual men find that they grow in prudence and wisdom when they sit quietly, it is evident that mankind, too, is most free and easy to carry on its work when it enjoys the quiet and tranquility of peace." We may feel so sharply the inability to sit free and easy in our world that we may think that we must put off our proper work until we can labor at it in peace. No thought could be more dangerous. If we do not now think what we are doing, we may in the future discover that we are in a world we never meant to make. Further, the world we mean to make is a world of freedom and liberty; and beneath all the material panoply of power, our struggle today is at bottom a struggle about ideas, especially the ideas of freedom and liberty. We want, as a famous pamphlet has it, a world in which "the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all." But these words, to which we might quickly and willingly assent, are from *The Communist Manifesto*; and we are, humanly, outraged that those who seem to us the powers of darkness should claim the same bright ideals we do ourselves. "It is necessary," writes Mortimer Adler in his introduction to *The Idea of Freedom* (Doubleday, $7.50), for men "to understand the opinions they oppose, if not perfectly, at least well enough to join issue and be in communication as well as in opposition." If we fail to understand the opinions we oppose, we may fall into the effortless luxury of dismissing them as hypocrisy or mere propaganda; worse, we may fail to understand ourselves. We may fail at our own proper work, which is, simply, to think what we are doing.

With its scholarly detachment and colorless prose, no book might seem more remote from our present passionate concerns than Mr. Adler's compendious volume. *The Idea of Freedom* is a formidable book (nearly 700 pages) and is, although Mr. Adler's name appears on the title page, the product of some years of work by the staff of the Institute for Philosophical Research (a second page carefully lists the thirty-three other persons who had a hand in its making). At first, the anonymous style might

✪ JOHN W. WARD is an associate professor in the department of history at Princeton University and teaches also in the Program in American Civilization. His particular interest is the expression of ideas in culture. Mr. Ward is the author of *Andrew Jackson: Symbol for an Age*, a study of the popular ideas of the early nineteenth century.

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seem simply an institutional fault, but Mr. Adler tells us that he and his collaborators deliberately sought a neutral tone in order to achieve some measure of objectivity. For *The Idea of Freedom* is not philosophical. It does not aim to say the truth about freedom: it aims only to say the truth about what men have said about freedom. Its purpose is to survey and order analytically all that men have thought on the subject of freedom in the past twenty-five centuries of Western thought, abstracting all statements from their historical setting and treating them all as if in a dialogue going on at the present moment. *The Idea of Freedom* takes no sides. It hopes only to make the subject of freedom clear so men who disagree will know what they disagree about. If we mean to think about the value of freedom, Mr. Adler's spacious survey provides a good place to start.

One immediate value of *The Idea of Freedom* is the rich sense it gives of the variety of meanings men have attributed to freedom. So loosely woven a net has caught some strange fish. Spinoza, for example, in the *Theologico-Political Treatise,* argued that man is free only to follow reason and, since the state is the embodiment of reason, citizens "are obliged to fulfill the commands of the sovereign power, however absurd these may be, else they will be public enemies, and will act against reason which urges the preservation of the state as the primary duty." Freedom, then, becomes the duty to obey. At the opposite pole, the anarchist Bakunin could say flatly that "citizens are slaves as long as they obey the official representatives of the law, the leaders which are imposed upon them by the state—even if these leaders were confirmed by universal suffrage." In these two instances, Spinoza and Bakunin are obviously talking about two different things. For Spinoza, freedom is the freedom to be something, to live in relation to a law higher than one's actual self, in his case, reason; for Bakunin, freedom is freedom from something, in his case, freedom from all external restraint. Can it be said, then, that when men are using different senses of the same word that they are talking about the same thing? Are there only particular freedoms, no such general thing as Freedom? Must we always use the word in the plural?

Mr. Adler thinks not. The whole method of *The Idea of Freedom* is platonic, to classify particular, distinguishable notions about freedom with the intention of framing a general and superior definition which includes them all and in terms of which fruitful controversy might then proceed. Mr. Adler proposes three concepts of freedom, "no more, no less," that will subsume all that has been said on the subject. These are circumstantial freedom, acquired freedom and natural freedom. One who believes that freedom is circumstantial thinks that man is free to the degree that circumstances permit and, to affect man's freedom, pays attention to the conditions in which man lives. Acquired freedom, on the other hand, depends on a change or a development within man himself by which he achieves a state of mind or character that differentiates him from other men without regard to circumstance, as in the argument that the wise slave in a dungeon is freer than the passion-ridden tyrant on a throne. The third category, natural freedom, includes those, especially the Thomists, who believe that all men always have inherently the ability to be free, however unfavorable the circumstances or however short one may fall of acquiring the requisite wisdom or virtue. Any one thinker may include more than one of these categories in his own view of freedom, of course, and within any one category there is still considerable room for difference. For example, in the case of circumstantial freedom, some may argue that men need only be freed from constraining circumstances, while others might insist that man must be afforded circumstances which encourage his freedom. The former might seek considerable restriction on the sphere of social action, while the latter might argue for the responsibility of society to provide auspicious circumstances; but both would agree that freedom depends on circumstances, however conceived.

The Idea of Freedom ends with an attempt to define Freedom, with the capital letter, to provide a statement about free-

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dom that will include the three partial categories, just as each of those, in turn, includes its own varieties. The "general understanding" of freedom arrived at is: "*A man who is able* (A) under favorable circumstances, to act as he wishes for his own individual good as he sees it, or (B) through acquired virtue or wisdom, to will or live as he ought in conformity to the moral law or an ideal befitting human nature, or (C) by a power inherent in human nature, to change his own character creatively by deciding for himself what he shall do or become, is *free in the sense that he* has in himself the ability or power whereby he can make what he does his own action and what he achieves his property." Much as in the Whiggish writings of John Locke, the word "property" here carries a large meaning: "what a free man does is *his own act*, what he becomes is of *his own making*, and what he achieves is *proper to himself*, i.e., his property, his own. . . ." A skeptic might observe that only one who is also the co-author of *The Capitalist Manifesto* would construe what is proper to one's self as property, but even the generous will realize that so large a definition involves us inevitably in a further consideration of the ideas which establish it (as, in this instance, say, Richard Schlatter's admirable and succinct *Private Property: The History of an Idea*).

More troublesome than the prospect of the infinite regression of defining the ideas that define the single idea of freedom is the obstinate, practical objection that a general verbal solution may satisfy philosophers, but will hardly quiet the passions of the partisans for one version rather than another, even if they can be brought to agree that the general statement includes their differences. One may finish *The Idea of Freedom* with the quiet luxury of forgiving all by understanding all. Not so after reading Professor Sir Isaiah Berlin's *Two Concepts of Liberty* (Oxford, $.80).

Professor Berlin's short pamphlet deals only with political thought, and there only with two central and opposed meanings of the idea of liberty. Where *The Idea of Freedom* is cool and anonymous, *Two Concepts of Liberty* is pungent and personal; where Mr. Adler and his associates hope to do no more than to help man to think, Professor Berlin is man thinking. Further, the contrast is not merely one of style or intention. Where *The Idea of Freedom* is unhistorical, even anti-historical, *Two Concepts of Liberty* is deeply historical and argues implicitly against an academic tolerance of what might seem, when abstracted from the realities of history, a slender difference in definition.

Professor Berlin offers two concepts of liberty, "negative" and "positive." The negative sense is involved in answer to the question, "What is the area within which a subject—a person or a group of persons—is or should be left to do or be what he wants to do or be, without interference by other persons?" The positive sense comes in answer to the question, "What, or who, is the source of control or interference, that can determine someone to do, or be, one thing rather than another?" The two concepts are distinguished negatively and positively in the sense that one version of liberty is *freedom from* control, the other *freedom to* do or be something. Both, clearly, are special instances of circumstantial and acquired freedom, and Mr. Adler, too, gives each a chapter in his work.

Professor Berlin thinks men generally use the word "freedom" in its negative sense: "I am normally said to be free to the degree to which no human being interferes with my activity. Political liberty in this sense is simply the area within which a man can do what he wants." The emphasis on human interference is important; as Helvétius put it, "it is not lack of freedom not to fly like an eagle or swim like a whale." Professor Berlin does not confuse power with liberty. When Richard H. Tawney argues that freedom to dine at the Ritz is not freedom unless one has the money, the lack of economic power is a lack of freedom only on the assumption of a particular social and economic theory about the nature of poverty. If poverty is the result of personal inability or moral failure, then the lack of economic power is no infringement on liberty; but if poverty is the result of human actions which have arranged society to the

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profit of some and the loss of others, then it is. "The criterion of oppression," says Professor Berlin, "is the part that I believe to be played by other human beings, directly or indirectly, in frustrating my wishes. By being free in this sense I mean not being interfered with by others. The wider the area of non-interference the wider my freedom."

The negative concept of freedom is, of course, the view of classical liberalism, of men like Locke and John Stuart Mill in England and Benjamin Constant and Tocqueville in France. As with such liberals, the argument quickly becomes where the line can be drawn, what the area of non-interference can be. This may involve considerable haggling, but the negative concept of liberty always means liberty *from*, an absence of interference at some point. The positive concept of liberty, on the other hand, derives "from the wish of the individual to be his own master. I wish my life and decisions to depend on myself, not on external forces of whatever kind. I wish to be the instrument of my own, not of other men's, acts of will. I wish to be a subject, not an object; to be moved by reasons, by conscious purposes which are my own." The freedom which consists in being one's own master and the freedom which consists in not being prevented by other men from choosing as one does may "seem concepts at no great logical distance from each other—no more than negative or positive ways of saying the same thing." But Professor Berlin's whole point is that two concepts have developed historically in sharply divergent directions.

The notion of being one's own master leads, by sleight of hand, to a division within the self. One is master of himself to the degree that he achieves his "true" or "higher" self, conforms, as Spinoza would have it, to the demands of reason, or, as others would have it, to some entity larger than one's individual self, the party, the church, the nation or the race. "This entity is then identified as being the 'true' self which, by imposing its collective, or 'organic,' single will upon its recalcitrant 'members,' achieves its own, and, therefore, their 'higher' freedom." At this point, one has come far from the simpler negative goal of liberty; one can ignore the actual wishes of men and bully or torture them in behalf of their "true" selves, in the name of what they "really" wish. Professor Berlin leaves it clear what he thinks of this "monstrous impersonation" in the name of liberty.

One might, of course, make as great a logical monster of the negative concept of liberty. To Professor Berlin's defining question, "What is the area within which a person is or should be left to do or be what he wants to be?" one might ask, in turn, "What he *may* want to do, or what he *really* wants to do?" One could then start down the same twisting road that leads to an identification of the protesting, empirical self with the tyrannical, "higher" self. But Professor Berlin is content to observe that, although logically this may be so, historically the positive school of liberty has lent itself more readily to this "splitting of the personality."

When Professor Berlin wrote his brilliant essay on Tolstoy's philosophy of history, *The Hedgehog and the Fox*, he took his title from an ambiguous old saying that while the fox knows many things, the hedgehog knows one thing. In *Two Concepts of Liberty*, Professor Berlin openly joins the foxes of history: "If, as I believe, the ends of men are many, and not all of them are in principle compatible with one another, then the possibility of conflict—and of tragedy—can never be wholly eliminated from human life, either personal or social." It is this pluralistic view of human existence that lies behind the high value put on freedom; if men "had assurance that in some perfect state, realizable by men on earth, no ends pursued by them would ever be in conflict, the necessity and the agony of choice would disappear, and with it the central importance of the freedom to choose." It is, further, because of the firm belief that the ends of life are many that one "must establish a society in which there must be some frontiers of freedom which nobody should ever be permitted to cross."

Here is the crux of the matter. Formerly, it was not so difficult to believe in freedom,

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however difficult it always has been to establish it in practice, because, formerly, men seem to have been able to believe in some absolute order—natural law, the revealed will of God, the dictates of reason—which supported and justified their ideal of freedom. We, today, seem to have lost any sense of a shared standard to measure our actions by, and, much like Professor Berlin, generally argue for freedom on the grounds of the sheer necessity of pluralism. But since we cannot have freedom in everything, we feel the pinch, the need for some rule to justify ourselves to ourselves (certainly not to the authority we hold in contempt) when we assert our freedom. In formulating his own rule, Professor Berlin suggests that whatever names we give to the rules which draw the frontiers of freedom, "what these rules or commandments will have in common is that they are accepted so widely, and are grounded so deeply in the actual nature of men as they have developed through history, as to be, by now, an essential part of what we mean by being a normal human being."

There are certain objections to be made to this formulation. First, it is elliptical to the extreme. Professor Berlin quickly goes on to make clear his belief that liberty has little to hope for from the rule of majorities: "Democracy as such is logically uncommitted to it, and historically has failed to protect it." Then "accepted so widely" by whom? Some civilized and thoughtful elite that will tell the majority where the boundaries of their freedom lie? Obviously, the word "normal" here implies some normative value, not a statistical observation. Then are we not once again in the hands of Professor Berlin's hated positive school, appealing to our wiser, better selves against our actual, base selves? Even the accent, presumably to escape the idealists, on the "actual nature of men" has lurking behind it somewhere a finalist evolutionary view of development in which man achieves in history what constitutes the essence of being human. Here again we are well down the road which in the rest of his essay Professor Berlin so eloquently urges us to keep our feet from. The attempt to draw the frontiers of the negative concept of liberty seems to involve us finally, and perhaps necessarily, in some kind of positive concept. It is, of course, hardly to Professor Berlin's discredit that he cannot finally untangle the knot that has resisted the fingers of so many before him. What is to his credit is that, with controlled eloquence, he has given us a lucid and passionate statement on the nature of liberty that will surely become one of the classics of the literature on freedom.

To the intellectual analysis of Mr. Adler and the historical grasp of Professor Berlin, Christian Bay, in *The Structure of Freedom* (Stanford, $7.50), adds considerable sociological and psychological detail to our understanding of the complex conditions of human freedom. But, after that added modern sophistication, *The Structure of Freedom* comes to the same ultimate problem: "The chief difficulty in [the] approach toward the maximization of freedom is the lack of consensus about the priorities between human rights." In speaking of "human" rights rather than "natural" rights, Mr. Bay attempts to circumvent the same problem Professor Berlin does in speaking of the "actual nature of men." Mr. Bay's solution has the advantage over Professor Berlin's of being more explicit, but the disadvantage of being not very useful. Human rights, he claims, "correspond to objective requirements pertaining to certain universal human needs and can therefore be claimed as valid, potentially at least, in all cultures that permit and encourage an expanding individual freedom." Mr. Bay rejects the problem of the universality of human needs by asserting that "the great men of various cultures have exhibited so much similarity in values that one must assume that there are either universal human propensities or universal cultural elements, or more likely both." But his next sentence abandons the argument: "But even if this had not been the case, the standards each of us has should be absolute for each of us." But freedom is still left inside a vicious circle. We may have to have the will to believe in the truth of our beliefs, but the will of some dissident indi-

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vidual will hardly find a way in a culture that has not chosen to permit and encourage individual freedom.

In *The Structure of Freedom,* Mr. Bay puts freedom of expression second after freedom from coercion as the most desirable of freedoms because, after one is left alive, freedom of expression is instrumentally necessary to arrive at the determination of any other freedoms that a society might wish to establish as human rights. But this sensible, practical justification will work only in a society that has already agreed that decision should be reached by discussion. So, when Mr. Bay admits that "general priorities between freedoms must ultimately be decided by majorities, however, since these are questions of value," it is difficult to reconcile the remark with the notion that certain freedoms, having "become more generally recognized as more basic than others," can be extended as "rights" to all citizens, "regardless of majority opinion." The reconciliation can be made only on Mr. Bay's self-admitted "optimistic assumptions" that "majority decisions will be enlightened and humanistic."

Mr. Bay's assumptions lay bare the heart of the matter. The definition of freedom not only involves us in the definition of other values, as Mr. Adler makes us aware. It finally involves us in a definition of man himself. "The conception of freedom," Professor Berlin writes, "directly derives from the view that is taken of what constitutes a self, a person, a man. Enough manipulation with the definition of man, and freedom can be made to mean whatever the manipulator wishes."

Two years ago in a book that received little attention, *The Tower and the Abyss,* Erich Kahler faced this problem squarely. Mr. Kahler called his book, "An Inquiry into the Transformation of the Individual." His statement of the problem and his conclusion will be disheartening to anyone who believes in the ultimate reality of the individual self, a belief on which all claims for freedom for the individual must finally rest. Without drawing directly on Emile Durkheim's studies, Mr. Kahler makes much the same analysis of modern society. Modern society is losing its sense of shared values because of the enormous growth of "collectives," that is, groups brought together by the increasing rationalization of all areas of social life, especially, but not only, the productive. Man's relation to other men becomes increasingly a matter of his function in society. The result, to use Durkheim's famous phrase, is "anomie," the loss of a common conscience, the destruction of community. But if the increase in rationalization in modern life and the corresponding growth of collective groups threatens the security, perhaps even the identity, of the individual by cutting him loose from any sense of shared life, Mr. Kahler's "possible utopia," the emergence of a way of life in a community, "an entity in itself, apart from the individuals" who compose it, threatens to submerge the individual completely in some abstract entity called "Man," not much different from Rousseau's general will, where the empirical individual is finally lost sight of. Mr. Kahler does not blink at his own logic; he decides that our concern for the concrete individual person is now a thing of the past. He forces us to consider the drastic possibility that history is at one of its great turning points and that our old assumptions about the nature of the individual and the meaning of freedom may no longer make sense.

Our problem is to decide whether the individual has any rights at all over against the society in which he lives and moves. Recently we have discovered society to be so real that the individual seems to become but a shadow of its will. If our relativistic anthropologists are wholly right, then one is an individual to the degree that he embodies the imperatives of his culture, much as in the eighteenth century one was an individual to the degree that he approximated the norm of reason. Although we might shrink from it, there is, in this view, no sense in talking about an individual's rights.

The notion of cultural determinism goes far back in Western thought, but, relatively, the modern discovery of society can properly be dated from Robert Owen's *A New*

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View of Society, which grew out of Owen's experience of building an entire town to run his mills at New Lanark. Despite the logical difficulties he quickly fell into, Owen realized sooner than most how society is literally its own creation, how it can make itself, how men can make other men in their own image of what men should be. What is revealing in Owen's case is not that he had his idea, but how he came to it. He came to it by the technological accident of having to create a community, the whole settlement of New Lanark. We do right to deplore Owen's naïve rejection of the past and his crude insistence on practical experience, but he provides a valuable clue to the social source of much of our concern about the meaning of individual freedom. John Stuart Mill, in his review of Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, made the shrewd remark that the mere presence of machines in the environment makes men contemptuous of tradition. There, triumphantly before them, stands an instance, a working instance, of man's capacity to mold the world to his wishes. To transfer the rationalization and organization implicit in the machine, or in that larger machine, the factory, to human affairs is not a long or a hard step: to reduce each person to a functional part of a successful and rational whole. If this is at all true, then modern society may tend to favor the notion that man may blueprint his human relations as well as his productive capacity. Without having read the closeted philosophers of "positive" liberty, whom, interestingly enough, Professor Berlin constantly calls "technicians," modern man may become just as contemptuous as they of the need for variety and spontaneity in life, of the need for, in a word, freedom.

To suggest a social source for the threat to freedom today is to suggest that the problem is not simply one of a cold war or of competing ideologies. It is a problem arising out of the conditions of modern life under which we all now live. On the other hand, it is not to insist on a crass materialism. "It may be," writes Professor Berlin, that without the pressure of social forces, political ideas are stillborn: what is certain is that these forces, unless they clothe themselves in ideas, remain blind and undirected." That is our proper work, to keep the eyes of our minds open. Books are not our only resource, but they can help. The study of the history of freedom, or of any of our ideals, may not provide us with the contentment of a final answer, but it may lead us to that admirable maturity described by the late Professor Joseph Schumpeter: "To realize the relative validity of one's convictions, and yet stand for them unflinchingly, is what distinguishes a civilized man from a barbarian."

Brief Comments

AN ANTHROPOLOGIST AT WORK: Writings of Ruth Benedict. By Margaret Mead. *Houghton Mifflin. $6.00.*

Ruth Benedict came to anthropology in her early middle age, a most unlikely prospect for distinguished achievement, under the aegis of the very dominant figure of Franz Boas. At thirty-three, when she first happened upon anthropology at the New School for Social Research, she was "a gentle, wraithlike figure, her hair going prematurely grey . . . just deaf enough to miss a great deal of what was being said before others recognized it, and painfully shy—the beauty which had been hers as a young girl misted over by uncertainty and awkwardness."

She was not seeking a career in scholarship "but rather for some new expedient to get through the days which would be less meaningless than others had proved to be." How she found more than an expedient and in response developed to become a great anthropologist in her own right is one major theme of this fascinating book. The concept of the configuration of culture was her primary theoretical contribution to anthropology, but her major interest was focused upon the interaction of personality and culture. It is fitting that *An Anthropologist at Work* sheds a flood of light upon the interaction of Ruth Benedict's own per-

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sonality and the discipline in which she found her ultimate fulfillment.

Margaret Mead, student and later boon companion and intellectual colleague to Ruth Benedict, has here woven autobiographic materials of the subject (hitherto unpublished) and biographic essays, scientific papers, poetry and letters into a revelatory whole, enriched in expository depth by helpful connective essays of her own.

E. ADAMSON HOEBEL

THE SOCIOLOGICAL IMAGINATION. By C. Wright Mills. *Oxford University Press. $6.00.*

Here, for the first time, an underground revolt on the part of the most brilliant sociologists working today is brought into the open. For this book makes explicit what has been implicit in the writing of men as diverse in outlook as Daniel Bell, David Riesman, Arnold M. Rose and Mills himself. This is their rejection of several of the dominant conceits of the American sociological tradition. These, as Mills makes mercilessly clear, have involved muddled general theorizing on levels so abstract as to eliminate their connection with social reality. They also have involved methodological inhibitions, in a futile attempt to imitate research in the physical sciences, which have effectively prevented most American sociologists from considering the crucial social problems of our time. The latter conceit, Mills rightly observes, has led many sociologists to claim that their goal is the scientific prediction and control of human behavior, an aim that smacks of authoritarianism.

Mills's devastating exposure of these fallacies not only serves as public notice that a revolt has occurred, but also reveals that a sane and unified social science must be based on the methods of the historian rather than on those of pseudo science. Because it is directed against a strongly entrenched academic interest group, *The Sociological Imagination* may be considered controversial, but it performs an essential task in the service of intellectual lucidity and truth.

ROBERT H. L. WHEELER

CAN MAN BE MODIFIED? By Jean Rostand. Translated from the French by Jonathan Griffin. *Basic Books. $3.00.*

Jean Rostand is an outstanding scientist, working especially in the field of experimental embryology. He is also a prolific writer—perhaps coming by this naturally as the son of Edmond Rostand, of *Cyrano* fame. He is interested in the philosophical and social implications of science in a way that seems to me particularly French, in that French scientists do not have the fear of speculation that characterizes scientists of some other nationalities. Rostand, at any rate, loves to speculate about the biological future.

The present little book is composed of three essays, "Victories and Hopes of Biology," "Man and Science" and "Can Man Be Modified?" Rostand's victories of biology are rather curious: artificial insemination, induced parthenogenesis, determination of paternity by blood type, and the like. His discussion of man and science turns on similarly dramatic points, and he seems to me to slide over the great issues of science and society. And when Rostand looks at the modification of man, he is chiefly assessing how far we have traveled toward Huxley's *Brave New World* in the treatment of embryos, the storage of sperm and the modification of behavior through drugs and surgery.

Can Man Be Modified? is a swiftly paced book, full of thought-provoking ideas and opinions. Even with present knowledge it appears that man can be modified in many ways, and the future holds greater possibilities. But who will plan and control these modifications? Rostand does not say.

MARSTON BATES

THE SIMPLICITY OF SCIENCE. By Stanley D. Beck. *Doubleday. $3.75.*

Being reasonably familiar with what is going on in field and laboratory today, I can well understand how many working scientists will be arrested by, if not indignant over, any mention of the simplicity of science. The tasks that engage them often test their utmost intellectual and manipula-

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tive powers. And as each new discovery opens up widening vistas to be examined, both the corpus of scientific knowledge and the operations of the scientist become more and more complex.

Without disparaging the power or achievements of science, Dr. Beck has set himself a double task. By reviewing the basic assumptions and methods of science, he makes clear their limitations. And by insistently reminding us of the sweep of experiences and values that, by definition, are beyond the scope of scientific method as we conceive it, he demonstrates the fallacy of a narrow materialism, the danger of a shallow agnosticism.

All of this is familiar, well-trodden ground. The surprising thing is that it seems to be necessary. But we have plenty of evidence, both in this country and elsewhere, that much philosophical commonplace needs to be hammered home in the plain and direct language here employed. And it is particularly important that any disavowal of the omnipotence of science come from within, rather than without.

Science is not wholly limited to metrical devices any more than mathematics must confine itself to arithmetic. Often it can and must attempt to perceive pattern, with or without the aid of measurement in the conventional sense. Pattern is primary business for the humanities. The ideals of awareness and intellectual integrity are not too different among searchers for truth in any creative discipline. And surely it is futile today for the nonscientist to pursue truth in complete isolation from the activities and findings of science. Granting that the quest for knowledge and meaning involves a good deal of tunneling, if we believe in the unity of the universe we cannot afford to tunnel blindly.

With this I am sure Dr. Beck agrees. The matter is chiefly one of emphasis. More is required than mere mutual tolerance between fields of human endeavor. Communication is essential, and one of the most difficult problems we face today, when within science itself there are those who despair of effective common discourse.

PAUL B. SEARS

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE UNIVERSE. By A. C. B. Lovell. *Harper. $3.00.*

The first use of the world's largest telescope, which was "conceived and built to study the universe," was the radar tracking of the launching rocket of mankind's first earth satellite, Sputnik I. So the author, who directs the work of this giant radio telescope, tells us (and the British radio audience also, for the book is a direct transcript of the six Reith lectures delivered over the BBC in late 1958) to illustrate one of his main themes: basic research almost always leads to immediate and unexpected practical results. When he also tells us that "the fate of human civilization will depend on whether the rockets of the future carry the astronomer's telescope or a hydrogen bomb," and when he notes that governments today must play the role of the vanished private patrons of science (remarking pointedly that for awhile American science was "under the shadow of a Secretary of Defense who could see little value in research which had no immediate foreseeable economic commercial value"), he reveals the tone of the book and the tenor of his message.

The six lectures comment ably on the present exciting state of astronomy after a brief survey, with sociological overtones, of the work of Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler and Newton, give a breezy highlighting of latest developments, especially in radio astronomy, and conclude with a lucid survey of present theories of the origin of the universe.

The word "Individual" in the title proves somewhat misleading; Lovell does not comment upon the relation of the individual to the universe or upon the philosophical significance of today's universe to the individual, but upon the relation of the state, presumably composed of individuals, to the progress of science. He exhibits an ambivalence with respect to Soviet science, at once lauding Soviet scientific progress, indulging in Soviet scientific name-dropping, sometimes to the exclusion of some most worthy and pioneering Western astronomers, and yet scores Soviet astronomy for shaping astronomical theory to fit a "correct materialistic world outlook."

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The book merits attention; it is short and makes an enjoyable even if somewhat sketchy repast.

J. ALLEN HYNEK

LAW IN DIPLOMACY. By Percy E. Corbett. *Princeton University Press. $6.00.*

The author presents here, in a fluid, highly literate and intelligible fashion, the thoughts which he has developed over a lifetime of study and close association with both the pragmatic and the abstract facets of international law.

The positions taken by publicists in regard to the role of international law in the society of nations vary widely, from considering it to be a workable code when convenient, to holding that it is the only code for international conduct. Dr. Corbett clearly indicates his view of this matter: "The reserved domain and the whole legal concept of sovereignty correspond to the fact that the State remains in the hearts and minds of men the highest center of human authority. . . . So long as this is so, whatever their covenants or declarations, governments will not assume in practice a position of general subjection to the law of nations."

This statement capsules the principal theme, which is the variance between the concrete foreign policy pursued by a state in any given instance and its acknowledgment, publicly, of universal standards established by international law. In his discussion of this question, Dr. Corbett has indicated (using abbreviated historical backgrounds of celebrated cases of international disharmony) how international law has been formulated, interpreted and modified through time by three powers—the United States, the U.S.S.R. and Great Britain. An attempt, necessarily inconclusive, is made to measure the respective influences of law and politics upon the determination and execution of official decisions on the international stage.

The splendidly worded and rational conclusion will provide stimulus to both the casual reader and to the specialist.

DAVID LUEBKE

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF COMMUNIST CHINA: An Appraisal of the First Five Years of Industrialization. By Choh-Ming Li. *University of California Press. $7.50.*

Considering the fragmentary and inconsistent nature of Chinese Communist data, the frequent changes in the Chinese Five Year Plan, and the inflated claims of production growth made by the Chinese Communists for political purposes, this work is a remarkably dependable study of the economic development of Communist China between 1952 and 1957. Substantiated mainly by publications from the China mainland, the author, through painstaking research, has offered detailed analyses of such vital issues as China's industrial and agricultural development, capital formation, national product, foreign trade, population growth and the level of consumption.

There is no doubt that Communist China has made rapid progress. The question is to what extent the Chinese people have been directly benefited by it. Here, the Chinese Five Year Plan resembles, in many ways, the First Soviet Five Year Plan of 1928. The initial drive for collectivization, stressing the priority of industrial development with resultant social reorganization, actually caused a decline in agricultural production. The subsequent increase in national product was partly withheld by the state for stockpiling, partly offset by population growth (14 million per annum), and partly used to meet the needs of urbanization, such as education, electric power, roads, medical care and the institutionalized supply of goods and services that do not add to real consumption. Since the major share of the national income has been staked for capital and construction investments, the agricultural sector was, and still is, expected to produce "surpluses" as a form of compulsory saving for further expansion.

It is interesting to note that with the exhaustion of the Soviet loans and the beginning of the amortization payments in 1957, Communist China has relied upon the exportation of mining and industrial products to Southeast Asia and Africa, as well as to Western Europe, for favorable trade balance to meet its trade deficits with

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the Communist bloc. All indications are that before the industrial base of Communist China is firmly established, the level of consumption of the Chinese masses will be further reduced.

I-KUA CHOU

THE ECONOMY, LIBERTY AND THE STATE. By Calvin B. Hoover. *The Twentieth Century Fund. $5.00.*

Professor Hoover, a lifelong student of comparative economic systems, has examined recent political and economic developments in this study to determine the extent to which these are compatible with freedom and human welfare. He traces the developments in Russia under the Communist regime, in the United States over approximately the same period, and (more briefly) in Germany under Hitler, and in Great Britain, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia during the postwar period.

The author has visited all the countries concerned, particularly during critical periods, for firsthand observation. He concludes that lack of freedom in Russia has not prevented impressive increases in production, and that increased productivity in the United States has been accompanied by growing government intervention. In fact, he believes that economic change has forced increasing government control; and, comparing Great Britain and Yugoslavia in particular, he observes that the so-called socialistic and capitalistic systems are coming closer together.

Professor Hoover sees very real difficulties in maintaining the essential democratic controls as government participation in the economic system increases. And he does not minimize the dangers of global war. But he concludes that if armed conflict between countries with different economic systems can be avoided, there is a chance that "free societies might develop out of collectivist states of revolutionary origin." This is one of the most revealing analyses of these problems that has appeared in recent years, and one of the most readable.

MABEL NEWCOMER

HERBERT HOOVER AND THE GREAT DEPRESSION. By Harris Gaylord Warren. *Oxford University Press. $7.00.*

The American scholar who comes at this book from the field of economics or of political science is likely to find it as puzzling as it is informative. It has the great merit of showing how circumscribed by political involvement and personal reactions even the worthiest motivation of a President and his most reasonable policies become under our party and enterprise system. But the details from which this elaborate mosaic is composed were derived neither from personal contemporary participation in the events of the depression period, whether in business or in government, nor from intensive study of the specialized analyses of its myriad aspects by recognized experts. The author expresses regret that he did not have access to the original Hoover papers, but this handicap is poorly compensated by the predominant use of newspaper and periodical quotations or citations without much evidence of the use of more formal professional literature.

In the main, the impression of Hoover the man, and of the contribution that he and his times made to today's understanding of the nature of depression and the efficacy of various methods of combatting it is left to inference, innuendo and interlarded dicta of the author. But on page 167 one finds a paragraph which to this reader seemed to sum up the author's essential conclusion and to be a very fair and sound appraisal:

"Herbert Hoover, for all his brilliant organizing ability, his selfless devotion to his country, his faith in the American way as he saw it, and as he wanted it to be, could not command. Confident that his analysis was correct, confident that his proposed actions would meet the crises as they arose, he was defeated by the refusal of his party to close ranks behind him, and he could not summon the mass of the people to his support. He lacked that one spark necessary to stir men's hearts."

EDWIN G. NOURSE

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THE ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION. By Mario Einaudi. *Harcourt, Brace. $5.95.*

Professor Einaudi's professed aim is to evaluate the New Deal for Europeans, using as his hallmark the concept of public interest as enunciated by Edmund Burke and developed by the theoreticians of the Christian Democratic parties. The result is panegyric: it is suggested that Franklin Roosevelt reactiviated the institutions of our federal government, first, to alleviate the effects of the Great Depression and, second, to provide for the welfare and happiness of the average man in an industrialized society, bringing democracy to its highest level.

In wartime, Lincoln and Wilson had adumbrated the powers latent in the office of President. The "New Tools for the New State," which emerged in 1933 and subsequent years, did not effect a constitutional revaluation. Rather they were an imaginative adaptation of the federal system to a world never envisioned by the Founding Fathers.

The author's treatment of specific institutions is one-sided—concentrating almost exclusively on TVA, the reversal of the Supreme Court's anarchic Darwinism, and the end of legalized segregation (largely achieved in the Truman and Eisenhower administrations). Equally significant changes wrought by the New Deal—such as the soil conservation program, the end of Dollar Diplomacy in Latin America, the Social Security legislation—are virtually ignored. Still more curious is the author's contention that the pragmatic mediator between pressure groups—Franklin Roosevelt—was principally a consistent political philosopher, an exponent of the natural law concept of community.

ASHER LANS

CONTEMPORARY CANADA. By Miriam Chapin. *Oxford University Press. $7.00.*

The relationship of the United States and Canada is unique: "Nowhere else do two such enormous countries with so much in common in language, ancestry, and institutions lie side by side." Canadians know a great deal about the United States, but most Americans are surprisingly uninformed about their neighbor to the north, a neighbor who is very different in spite of its similarities.

In *Contemporary Canada* Miriam Chapin describes many facets of Canadian life—politics, religion, the arts, education, industry. Mrs. Chapin, an American who has lived in Canada for almost twenty years, neither attacks nor praises the country. The question underlying her thoughtful appraisal is whether Canada, so economically and culturally dependent, can remain politically independent of the United States.

The task of portraying the life and achievements of any nation in one small volume is a great one. Thus to portray Canada, with its many diversities, cannot help but leave one somewhat unsatisfied. At times one wishes for a fuller treatment of the myriad topics; often the scene shifts from one province to another so quickly that the reader may lag behind. Nevertheless, the book does provide an up-to-date sketch of the country, and a starting place for those who wish more detailed information.

DOROTHY KERR

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF EDMUND BURKE. Volume I: April, 1744—June, 1768. Edited by Thomas W. Copeland. *University of Chicago Press. $8.00.*

For the first time, Burke's letters are being published fully and accurately. Under the direction of Professor Copeland of the University of Massachusetts, eight volumes —each edited by a different Burke scholar —will appear over the next eight years, and an index volume will complete the series. The editing and notes of this first volume are models of scholarship. Some two dozen of the letters included never were printed before. Perhaps the publication of the *Correspondence* may lead, in time, to a scholarly edition of Burke's other writings and speeches.

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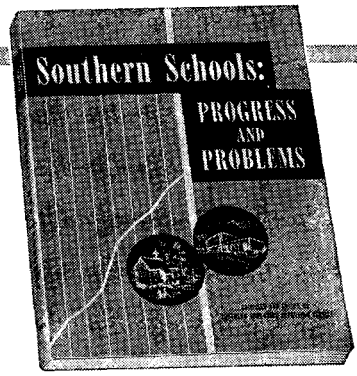

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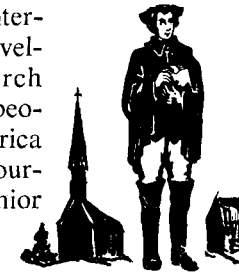

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RUSSELL KIRK

HOMER AND THE HEROIC TRADITION. By Cedric H. Whitman. *Harvard University Press. $6.75.*

In December, 1958, the Christian Gauss Award of Phi Beta Kappa was given to Cedric Whitman of the Department of Classics at Harvard University as the author of the year's best book of literary criticism. The award was richly deserved, for indeed this is a work of extraordinary distinction, one which is surely destined to be a permanent landmark in the long history of Homeric studies.

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WHITNEY J. OATES

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS BETTERS. By R. C. Churchill. *Indiana University Press. $5.00.*

In the long history of human aberration, few literary theories have achieved such heights of absurdity as the doctrine that someone else wrote Shakespeare's plays. A review and analysis of these many theories is the purpose of R. C. Churchill's book, *Shakespeare and His Betters.*

With a courtesy always gentle and sometimes deferential toward the believers in fantastic theories, Mr. Churchill states their cases and then shows why they are absurd. But, now and then, even he is overwhelmed with the nonsense with which he is dealing and appalled at the way men who ought to know better misquote "authorities," quote statements out of context to change their meanings, and distort evidence to "prove" something they have in mind. Some of the Oxfordians he finds particularly objectionable for these reasons, and in discussing one of the leaders of this cult he observes: "After making a list of all the hoary old legends about Shakespeare's untaught parents, illiterate daughter, bookless house," this wise man turns around and misquotes Emerson, "in fact, has made Emerson responsible for the 'facts' which he himself has drawn from Donnelly and others. Emerson makes no mention of Shakespeare's allegedly untaught parents, illiterate daughter, or bookless house." And, one might add, Emerson's testimony in the

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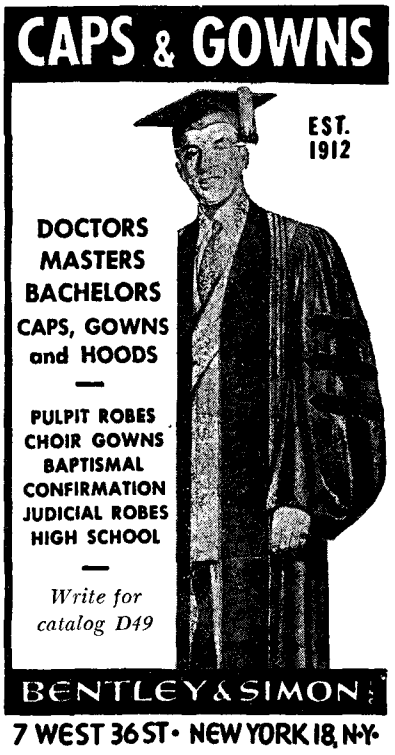

matter, in any case, would be worth precisely nothing.

If the advocates of somebody else's authorship of Shakespeare's plays were rationalists interested in the truth of history, they would be convinced by Mr. Churchill's careful marshalling of evidence and logic. But they are as unlikely to be influenced by this evidence as by any other. For those who have been saying that "where there's so much smoke, there must be some fire," Mr. Churchill has made a valuable contribution. He shows conclusively that despite the smog, there is no fire.

LOUIS B. WRIGHT

THE VISION OF TRAGEDY. By Richard B. Sewall. *Yale University Press. $4.00.*

This book is both a compilation and an abridgment: it is a compilation of lectures Professor Sewall has delivered in his classes in tragedy at Yale, and an abridgment of his thinking on that almost inexhaustible subject.

This is not to say that the book is thrown together, or that it skimps (although the essays average fewer than seven pages each). Indeed, it is tightly organized on the historical basis of the four great periods of the tragic vision in literature—the Hebraic period, the classic Greek period, the Elizabethan period and the modern period. Each period is presented not only in an examination of the period's concept of "the blight that man was born for," but by an analysis of a work (or works) typical of the period.

Eleven of the thirteen essays are the first-rate products of a learned mind working in well-worn academic grooves; but the other two surpass this estimate. "Tragedy and the Modern World," although it does not present a new thesis, does find new illustrations for the old thesis that when "the nature of man [is] no longer the central problem," the tragic vision disappears; and "Absalom, Absalom!"—an analysis of Faulkner's work of that title—is as perceptive as anything done on Faulkner since Mrs. Edmonds' classic essay in *The Southern Renaissance* six or seven years ago.

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ST. PETERSBURG. By Andrey Biely. Foreword by George Reavey. Translated with an Introduction by John Cournos. *Grove Press.* $4.75.

Originally published in 1913, and now translated into English for the first time, this is regarded as Biely's masterpiece. The action occurs in the revolutionary year 1905, and concerns the attempt of a misguided son, who has been drawn into a political conspiracy, to blow up his father, a high government official, with a homemade bomb. The son finally becomes conscience-stricken and tries to prevent the explosion. Although the bomb goes off, by a feat of fictional legerdemain, the explosion brings about a reconciliation rather than an assassination.

For readers accustomed to the great realistic fiction of Russia in the nineteenth century, this work, with its many-layered narrative, abstract treatment of character, and its often ridiculously overworked symbolism, will strike them as thoroughly modernistic in form and style. In a sense, St. Petersburg itself is the major character, but the picture of the city's chaos in the face of impending revolution seems to derive more from the chaos in Biely's mind rather than from any meaningful account of political conspiracy.

The trouble is that, with few exceptions, the novel does not compel belief in either action or characters. That is, the artistic suspension of disbelief is hardly achieved, and the effort in this respect is not helped by the absurd technical flaws—the son talks privately with a police spy who, in another section of the novel, is placed in the company of the father at precisely this time; when the son is looking into a mirror, it opportunely cracks in order to provide a symbolic connotation; or a character detects the gray hair in the red beard of a person who passes him on a bridge in the foggy blackness of night. In fact, the political conspiracy, the whole core of the work, is cast on the level of a prolonged hallucination, often brilliantly patterned stylistically, but completely unrecognizable, either impressionistically or realistically, as the fore-

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runner—which it was—of the hard, cold, rational conspiracy that twelve years later brought about the 1917 Revolution.

ERNEST J. SIMMONS

D. H. LAWRENCE: A Composite Biography. Volume III, 1925-1930. Gathered, arranged and edited by Edward Nehls. *University of Wisconsin Press. $7.50.*

During his final five years (the ones covered in this volume), we find Lawrence near death again and again; and yet he still strikes nearly everyone as the most alive man imaginable. "Didn't he make the most of his short life!" exclaims his wife. Even on his deathbed we see him flowering forth; even then his writing is usually far more than writing; it is "the soft mystery of living," to quote one of his best phrases.

Somehow his death seems another act of life—like his phoenix symbol, resurrecting in flames. He almost persuades us that Life is not a mistake of omnipotent matter, that It is divine and immortal, that It is beautiful and trustworthy, and that It will launch Its firebirds into the world forever, to teach us the difference between the quick and the dead.

Nehls's editing is genuinely creative. In this volume he has garnered the testimony of sixty-eight people who knew Lawrence. A remarkable number of them, notably Rolf Gardiner, give eloquent and profound appreciations. And there are selections from Lawrence himself.

Anyone who is blinded by Lawrence's faults should try this book. It has greatness.

DEXTER MARTIN

LETTERS OF THEODORE DREISER: A Selection. Edited with Preface and Notes by Robert H. Elias. Three volumes. *University of Pennsylvania Press. $18.00.*

There are great writers, and there are great letter-writers. It is doubtful if Dreiser, on any permanent scale of values or one not confined to American literature, belongs in the first category, and he certainly does not belong in the second. It is probably advisable to reread some of Dreiser's better fiction in order to get rid of the taste that these letters leave and to remind ourselves of the masterly fashion in which he could represent the pathos, if not the tragedy, of life.

Although these volumes belong to the historical record, they do little service to the memory of Dreiser either as man or writer. His jibes at "78 different breeds of kikes" (both before and during the Nazi period), his paean to Stalin ("a great thinker and a great leader" who "has done more for the common man than any other leader on earth today"), his attacks on the Catholic Church ("the chief menace to the world today," he wrote in 1929)—all are manifestations of a violently aggressive temperament. It was this temperament which landed him in lawsuits, led him to slap Sinclair Lewis in public and to hurl a cup of coffee into the face of his publisher, Horace Liveright, in a quarrel over the division of the proceeds of the sale of *An American Tragedy* to the movies. Unanalyzed emotions were continually unbalancing his judgment. One of his assets as an artist was a liability to him as a philosopher. We understand better how, like his character Hurstwood in *Sister Carrie,* he could seriously have contemplated committing suicide at the beginning of his career, and how, at the very height of his vogue, he could write in the *Bookman:* "I catch no meaning from all I have seen, and pass quite as I came, confused and dismayed."

MILTON HINDUS

THE CRITICAL WRITINGS OF JAMES JOYCE. Edited by Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann. *Viking. $5.00.*

This collection of James Joyce's critical writings includes "essays, lectures, book reviews, programme notes, newspaper articles, letters to editors, and poems." The fifty-seven items, ten of which were never printed before, are arranged chronologically, beginning with an essay thought to have been written in 1896, and concluding with a paper written in 1937.

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Here, then, is a convenient and useful collection of Joyce's nonfiction prose. Also, the numerous explanatory notes of the editors are most valuable and enlightening. These footnotes are ample justification, if it were needed, for reprinting some of the previously published items (such as the two Swiftian satirical poems, "The Holy Office" and "Gas from a Burner," which were already available in Viking's *The Portable James Joyce* as well as in the Herbert Gorman biography, *James Joyce*).

The lightness and wit so masterfully revealed in the passages of literary criticism in *A Portrait of the Artist* and *Ulysses* are missing from the essays in this collection (although not, of course, from the verses). But these writings do inform and expand our knowledge of Joyce's theories and ideas on literature. Joyce himself was obviously aware of the limits of critical writing. After he moved to Paris in 1920, he wrote no critical articles whatsoever, preferring to utilize his talents as an artist rather than as a man of letters, a role which "he had always regarded with suspicion and distaste."

PETER SPIELBERG

LIFE STUDIES. By Robert Lowell. *Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $3.50.*

Robert Lowell's new book is a considerable departure from the tightly chained couplets or alternating rhymes, the explosive metaphors and images of dread in *Lord Weary's Castle* and *The Mills of the Kavanaughs.* There are a few poems in the early manner, but the greater part of *Life Studies* is a relaxed verse, sauntering in irregular metric and rhyme patterns through the history of the Lowells and some episodes of the poet's life. A prose chapter of autobiography, "91 Revere Street," explains the connections not only of these but also of other seemingly personal reminiscences by the poet who, of all American poets now writing, appears the most clearly and extraordinarily gifted.

An effort by Robert Lowell to change in the direction of intimacy and simplicity must be interesting; yet to say that the experiment is successful would be to lessen what we expect of him. *Life Studies* is interesting because he has written it; on the other hand, the vignettes of an upper-class Boston family do not render any strong, personal experience, nor do they help us to know more about that kind of life than we have always understood. "Memories of West Street and Lepke" is perhaps the most notable of the *Studies*, for the memories of the protagonist's days as a "fire-breathing Catholic C.O." have a general interest that justifies the loose, reportorial style; also, Lowell's surrealistic images of repressed violence are suited to the subject:

> Flabby, bald, lobotomized,
> he drifted in a sheepish calm,
> where no agonizing reappraisal
> jarred his concentration on the electric chair . . .

But the chronicle of Grandfather Winslow, Father, Mother and others never does arrive at a decision, unless it be that it was odd for a poet to be born into this little world—and, indeed, it is wonderful that the poet is of Lowell's stature.

LOUIS SIMPSON

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The Reader Replies . . . . . .

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles which have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: The Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington 9, D. C. Because of limitations of space, we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*

—EDITOR

I must take exception to a statement made by Mr. Randall Jarrell in his article, "Poets, Critics and Readers," which appeared in your Summer issue. Mr. Jarrell charged me with lack of sympathy toward what, for lack of a better term, we call "modern" poetry.

Possibly Mr. Jarrell is not aware that the poetry which appears on my page in *The New York Times Book Review* is of my selection except when I am absent from it. The poets who have appeared there include Eliot, Auden, Dylan Thomas, Edith Sitwell, Robert Lowell, Richard Eberhart, Richard Wilbur, Theodore Roethke, Stanley Kunitz, José Villa, John Ciardi, John Crowe Ransom, Robert Penn Warren, Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, William Carlos Williams and Mr. Jarrell himself. I ask whether there is any other medium in the United States of comparable circulation where poets such as these have been given an audience far larger than they are otherwise able to command.

When I have spoken adversely about contemporary poetry my criticism has been directed against its failures and excesses, not against its accomplishments.

J. DONALD ADAMS
New York, New York

* * *

As a critic and teacher specifically interested in American literature, I have found much to praise in your current Summer issue. It represents a vigorous attempt to break the bounds of esoteric, inbred discourse for the sake of a broader contact with the reading public. It is really unfortunate that in our time poetry, all over the Western world, should find such a numerically limited audience, for it represents the consummation of a civilized language.

For this reason I think Randall Jarrell's earnest wit is delightfully pertinent, while the soul-searching of Donald Hall and Reed Whittemore brings new hope to those who may find cause for concern in the growing academic trend of American poetry. W. S. Merwin's poem is a remarkable accomplishment, and no less remarkable are the contributions of R. P. Warren, Louis Simpson, Arnold Kenseth (a well-given award!).

J. W. Krutch has a point, and so does Karl Shapiro when he advocates more active intercourse with the foreign Muse. Why doesn't he add to his list poets like Montale, Trakl, Benn, Blok, Yesenin, Ungaretti, Paz, Machado? Shapiro unfortunately oversteps the mark when, instead of attacking the now academic cult of what was yesterday's literary revolution, he dismisses the work and the influence of such writers as Pound, Eliot, Yeats and Stevens. It is absurd to say, as he does, that they hate poetry, and to blame this on their puritanism! Also, why impute cultural isolationism to a man like Ezra Pound, who, whatever his other faults, has extended the cultural and linguistic frame of reference of English poetry to an incredible extent, besides staking his very life on the cause of art and artists (from several countries). Finally, it is utterly wrong to label Pound and Stevens as anti-humanists, if humanism means a stand for human, civilized, this-worldly values; and the same applies to Eliot, who, according to Shapiro, does not really care for religion

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but only for civilization in the broadest sense of the term. A poet's philosophy and values are only important for his poetry.

GLAUCO CAMBON
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Michigan

* * *

Two statements in Karl Shapiro's essay, "Modern Poetry as a Religion," are erroneous. One is his reference to "the central Jewish-Christian doctrine of original sin." A cardinal difference between Judaism and Christianity has continued to be Judaism's rejection of the doctrine of original sin. According to Judaism, sin may be repetitive, but it is always episodic, almost always rectifiable, and the sins of the fathers are not visited upon the sons.

Another error impugns his basic thesis. His construction of a "religion of culture" is anti-historical. If it is to have applied validity, culture, which includes ethics, must inspire a religious devotion. There has always been a religion of culture. The crisis of our time has been the lack of faith in our culture, and Eliot, Yeats and Pound, like Stefan Georg in Germany, but not like Rilke, have impugned this faith.

He is intuitively correct in referring to the "narrowly 'Anglo-Saxon' character" of at least three of the poets he arraigns. But why attribute their attitude to puritanism, when it is patently more closely related to a pagan racism that has not been wholly absent from Anglo-Saxon tradition, and is reflected in America's immigration laws? Thus William Carlos Williams, afflicted with Judophobia, belongs more rightly than Stevens with Eliot and Pound.

JUDD L. TELLER
New York, New York

* * *

Of all the essayists in your Summer issue, only Joseph Wood Krutch dares to ask the question of whether or not "there is something perverse and wrong in the aims and methods of modern poets."

It is time for the poets to get off their high Pegasuses and admit that there *must* be. For it is not true that there are no readers: there are just too few modern poets giving us something we *can* read with the certain joy that distinguishes poetry from prose. Writers should begin writing poetry that is not ashamed of saying what it means, or saying anything at all. They need to ask themselves: Who *needs* poetry? Who *reads* poetry?

The answer, I believe, derives conversely from Wordsworth's definition of poetry as "emotion recollected in tranquillity": then the *reader* of poetry is one who might tranquilize his own emotions by reading what a poet has written.

Jarrell laments the fact that the poets have "lost" their public: the fact is, the public has lost the poet. I think what is needed is for the modern poet again to try speaking in an intelligible language—even a rhymed and rhythmic language—and to heck with the gobbledy gook that is being passed off, like the nonexistent emperor's clothes, as great artistic work.

Here in Miami a group of fifty poetry lovers meet regularly to listen to poetry being read. There are such poetry groups, I believe, in any city of any size, all hungering to hear good poetry. And I do not mean the Edgar Guest type, either: I mean more of what Robert Frost has been doing, more unconcealed and unslanted rhyme, and more acuteness of imagery.

Finally, Modern Poet, there is need for more humility, more recognition of the fact that "'tis *you* who are the ghost; Disintegrated, lost . . ."

If poets will do their share, the readers (and that includes the critics) will surely do theirs.

RUBY FOGEL LEVKOFF
Miami Beach, Florida

* * *

I want to report my satisfaction with the Summer issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. It was particularly appropriate to publish an issue on contemporary poetry.

Robert Langbaum's article on nature in contemporary poetry I especially liked, because it cleared up so much confusion that

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had been in my mind about much that I had read in some recent poetry. And, Alfred Alvarez was noticeably fair and balanced in his comments.

FULTON CATLIN
Geneva College
Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania

* * *

I do congratulate you on the splendid Summer issue. Of the issues I've seen, it is as good if not the best one you've ever put out.

I especially liked the Randall Jarrell and Reed Whittemore articles. "Aesthetics in the Sonnet Shop" is a splendid title. Although I didn't think McGinley, Nemerov and R. P. Warren were up to their usual standards, other poets are worth the cost of the magazine. Arnold Kenseth's poem, with its magnificent fresh images and its emotional impact, is to me the best thing in the issue.

ANN S. JONES
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

* * *

In response to your request for a brief comment on Banesh Hoffmann's article, " 'Best Answers' or Better Minds?" [Spring, 1959]:

Examinations are of real importance in education today, and we welcome scrutiny of them by educators and laymen alike. In fact, hundreds of outstanding teachers from schools and colleges work with Educational Testing Service each year to make the examinations we give as good as possible. Thus it is no novelty to us to hear or read analyses of individual test questions such as the ones Dr. Hoffmann submitted for publication. This kind of speculation is always the first editorial step, although ordinarily we have better questions to work on than the one Dr. Hoffmann invented to make his first point.

The next step is to pretest the questions on student groups to make doubly sure they are free of ambiguity for students. This is the step Dr. Hoffmann omits. He has explained how he thinks he himself might reach an unusual answer for a particular question. He has hypothesized that brilliant students probably do the same. The obvious question is, "Well, do they?" The pretest answers this query. If the best students do in fact give wrong answers to a particular question, it is subjected to further editing. The question is ready for final use only when the pretest shows it to be clear to the best students.

It is still possible, of course, that some student will read a particular question in an unusual light. But since his score is ordinarily based on one hundred or more questions, it will not be materially affected by even two or three unique interpretations of individual questions. Dr. Hoffmann has hypothesized that the most brilliant and creative students interpret so many questions in novel ways that they receive lower test scores than students who are able but not brilliant. Repeated studies have indicated that there are no grounds for that fear: brilliant students do in fact achieve very high scores on well-made multiple-choice tests. I should like to ask Dr. Hoffmann if he has any real evidence to the contrary.

Present tests do not, of course, measure all of the qualities involved in scholarly work nor are they perfect measures of the qualities they do test. Thus there are certainly cases in which an able student has not done himself justice on even the best of tests. The Educational Testing Service is continuously investigating alternative ways of measuring ability and achievement, including essay examinations, which it continues to use. The principal reason for not using alternative methods of measurement more widely is that the proportion of bad "misses"—cases in which a student's score is unrepresentative of his ability—is greater with them than with objective examinations. If Dr. Hoffmann or others can suggest promising new approaches, however, we shall be more than happy to include them in our investigations.

HENRY CHAUNCEY
President
Educational Testing Service
Princeton, New Jersey

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* * *

It is interesting that President Chauncey mistakenly believes I invented the "Emperor" question in my article. His low opinion of that question bolsters my case.

The extent to which President Chauncey misunderstands my article will be clear to those who have read it. I give a single example. In his frequent references to "brilliant" students he attributes to me things I was careful not to say, and he seems to believe he is arguing against me when he claims that "brilliant students . . . achieve very high scores on well-made multiple-choice tests." Yet I wrote, ". . . these tests tend to favor . . . the superficially brilliant over the creatively profound." Moreover, the only other time I used the word "brilliant," I wrote, "Some test experts . . . concede that the superior students may not score as high as their brilliant but more superficial competitors . . .," a fact not without relevance here.

President Chauncey fails to make a specific defense of the "colonies" question that I criticized—because, I believe, he cannot convincingly defend it, for distinguished scholars agree that the question is defective. He prefers to avoid this key issue by praising multiple-choice tests and telling of "hundreds of outstanding teachers" and pretesting as though these, instead of being themselves on trial, rendered test questions immune to criticism.

Questions on Educational Testing Service tests have survived all the filtering processes in which President Chauncey places so much faith. From these filtered test questions, the College Board selects a few for inclusion in its booklets. From the doubly-filtered questions in two of these booklets I have selected twelve for my challenge, arbitrarily restricting myself to 5 per cent of the supply. Among these doubly-filtered questions are the science question with a hierarchy of correct answers mentioned in my article, and another science question with no correct answer. What were the "hundreds of outstanding teachers" and the statistically inbred pretest doing when they let such questions through?

For those who feel complacent at 5 per cent of defective questions, even though this is a conservative figure and the questions are doubly-filtered, I remark that in choosing the twelve questions for my challenge, I picked five of one particular kind, which constituted 24 per cent of the supply of that type.

If test experts should prove unable or unwilling to defend specifically these twelve doubly-filtered questions to the reasonable satisfaction of reputable scholars, will there not be a prima-facie case for an investigation?

BANESH HOFFMANN
Queens College
Flushing, New York

* * *

Dr. Hoffmann's article is bound to draw comment from many quarters. Let me make a point he seems to have overlooked.

My limited understanding of testing procedure indicates that any test must meet two criteria; it must be valid, measuring what it pretends to measure, and it must be reliable. The E.T.S. Scholastic Aptitude Test was criticized because it fails to reward the finest minds with its highest scores. Should it? Scholastic aptitude, as it appears to a college sophomore, has only a hazy relation to intelligence. The most perceptive people I meet are, with considerable consistency, not the finest scholars; that exalted position is reserved for the mathematics or literature majors who specialize in abstracted bits of knowledge. But these academic technicians do splendidly on examinations!

It seems to me that such devices as the Scholastic Aptitude Test indeed measure, for the most part, what they are intended to determine—scholastic aptitude, the ability to succeed in a college course leading to a degree. They have more resemblance to the University of Washington's College Grade Prediction Test than to any possible measurement of the special creativity which is the mark of genius or near-genius. Let National Merit's program of selection continue—it at least focuses attention on some form of academic excellence. But there is yet no reason to imagine that the person

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of particular brilliance is no longer to be penalized for that individuality of thought that is his special distinction.

DAVID C. CALHOUN
National Merit Scholarship, 1957
College of Puget Sound
Tacoma, Washington

* * *

Some letters, containing at times violent criticism of my article on American foreign policy in the Spring AMERICAN SCHOLAR, were printed in the Summer issue. The questions raised by the writers, however, are so large that they are hardly arguable within anything much less than a small book. To answer them, I have, therefore, selected a well-known, small but central chapter of recent history, the heroic and tragic Hungarian Revolution of 1956.

After twelve years of Communist indoctrination and after consistent Communist efforts to elevate the Hungarian industrial working class, the entire nation, and especially the industrial workers, rose like one person against the Communists. Does this not show how the Communist ideology and the Communist system have proved to be dismal failures?

Although the unanimous opinion of the experts was that the Russians "would never move out," in 1955, after ten years of occupation, the Russians withdrew from Austria. Did not the Russians withdraw from Eastern Austria only when we, after some hesitation, agreed to move out of Western Austria?

Had the Russians stayed in Austria, would the Hungarian Revolution have occurred? Had there been a Russian zone in Eastern Austria in 1956, could the 200,000 refugees have escaped to the West?

There is no question that during the first phase of the Hungarian Revolution the rulers in the Kremlin were confused and disturbed. During the first phase of their troop withdrawals from Hungary they suggested that they would discuss mutual troop withdrawals from respective European countries. Since today we can see that neither in 1956 nor afterward did America show any inclination to risk war for the liberation of Hungary, should we not have responded to the Russian offer at that time? Was there any other alternative to help Hungary short of war?

Is it not true that during the decisive phase of the Hungarian drama the American government evinced a far keener interest in the affair of Suez, to the detriment of Britain and France but not of Russia?

Since we are obviously not going to liberate the captive nations of Eastern Europe by force, is it sensible to believe that the American policy of settling ourselves down firmly in Western, Southern, Central Europe, in the Mediterranean and everywhere we can, would facilitate the eventual liquidation of the Soviets' Eastern European empire? Is it not sensible, rather, to believe that the more we build up Western Germany, the more we equip it with nuclear weapons, the less the Russians would be inclined to risk some sort of a European settlement one day, and the longer the absolute captivity of countries like Hungary will last?

The policy of the United States in this respect has not changed since the Hungarian Revolution (indeed, perhaps not since 1949). My question is this: Whether "containment," "liberation," "brinksmanship," "massive retaliation," "posture of strength" be the official slogan, is this policy of rigid, principled anticommunism not really a very negative one?

Have the Communists *ever* won a free election in Europe, in America (or perhaps anywhere in the world)? Is there any danger that if we remove Western Germany from NATO, the Communists would get into control there? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that if one day the Russians would withdraw their military and police forces from East Germany or from Hungary, the natural tendency of events there would move away from and not toward communism?

The Communist idea in Western and Central Europe is nearly dead, and in Eastern Europe it is just about absolutely dead. But the European situation, with Berlin in the center, is critical because Russian (and American) armies are stationed in the mid-

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dle of the continent. Our object, therefore, should be the gradual liquidation of these advanced Russian military occupations. But the more obsessed we are with the Communist World-Wide Conspiracy (or of our mission as the Last Chosen People of Christianity) the further away we move from that goal.

I am not one of those who believe that the two alternatives are total atomic war or surrender to Russia. But I do believe that the now much touted alternative, the keeping of the European status quo, the consolidation of the division of Europe into two spheres, rigidly held together by Russian and American military systems, is not only senseless and potentially disastrous: it won't last.

I am surprised at the wide reaction that my article provoked, for it dealt with elementary things. I am glad that I wrote it, and I am glad that so many people read it. But I can honestly say that I wish I had not *had* to write it: for I am shocked at how much violent criticism as well as excessive admiration has resulted from propositions that have been now called provocative or sensational or brilliant or vacuous when they dealt with not much more than what is obvious.

J. A. Lukacs
Phoenixville, Pennsylvania

* * *

Although it is certainly true that Joseph Wood Krutch's fine article "If You Don't Mind My Saying So . . ." for Spring, 1959, is ample, if not excellent, support of his point, perhaps a reply to the letter of S. David Webb in the Summer issue is still worth while. Upon rereading the article on Darwin and Johnson, I find no "argument against the modern concept of evolution." Indeed, I think the valuable point is far removed from weighing the merits of two vastly different lines of thought. Perhaps Mr. Webb, in his defense of evolution, has plunged into the very pitfall that Mr. Krutch intends to illustrate.

I am reminded of another fine article, this one by Max Lerner in the Winter, 1957-58, American Scholar. It was entitled "Frontiers of the Human Condition," and it stressed the need for deepening our knowledge rather than for extending it: ". . . the emphasis should be not on the cure of sick minds but on the deepening and refinement of healthy ones."

Perhaps Mr. Krutch's ideas can be understood more easily in these terms. If we talk of man, let us not observe him from one vantage point alone. No single description of man is so far reaching that it can encompass all of his many features; therefore, we must not commit ourselves to any one way of study at the exclusion of all others.

If Mr. Webb is familiar with physics, he will realize that several descriptions of matter conflict quite strongly yet manage to coexist. Whether matter is actually a wave motion or a particle, in truth, is a ridiculous question. Neither explanation exhausts the properties of matter. Equally well, we must confess that neither evolution nor metaphysics has exhausted all the properties of man. Certainly, however, we could allow equal light to shine on both regions of knowledge. This way we might eventually attain that deepening which Mr. Lerner would have us cultivate.

Tad Alan Beckman
Berkeley, California

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